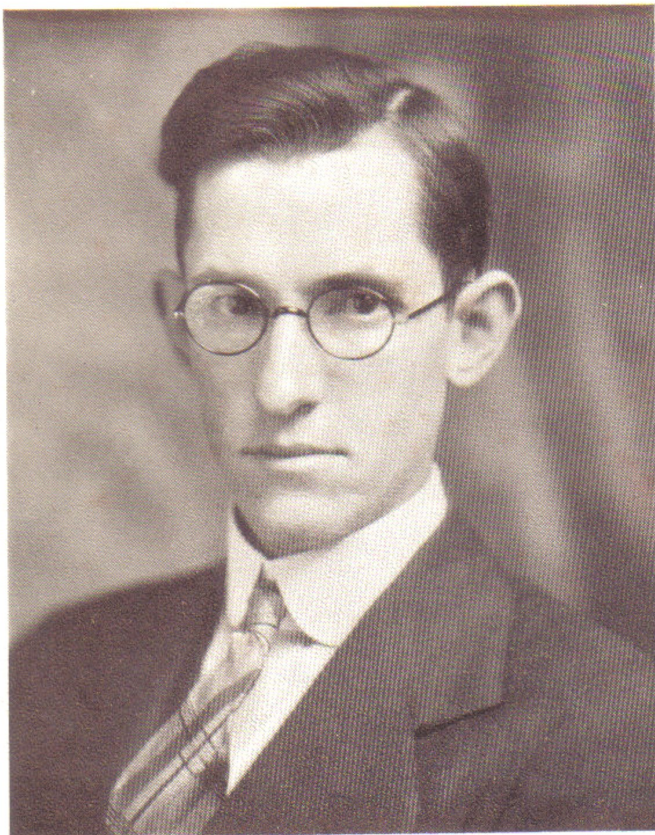


Pretty Fawn

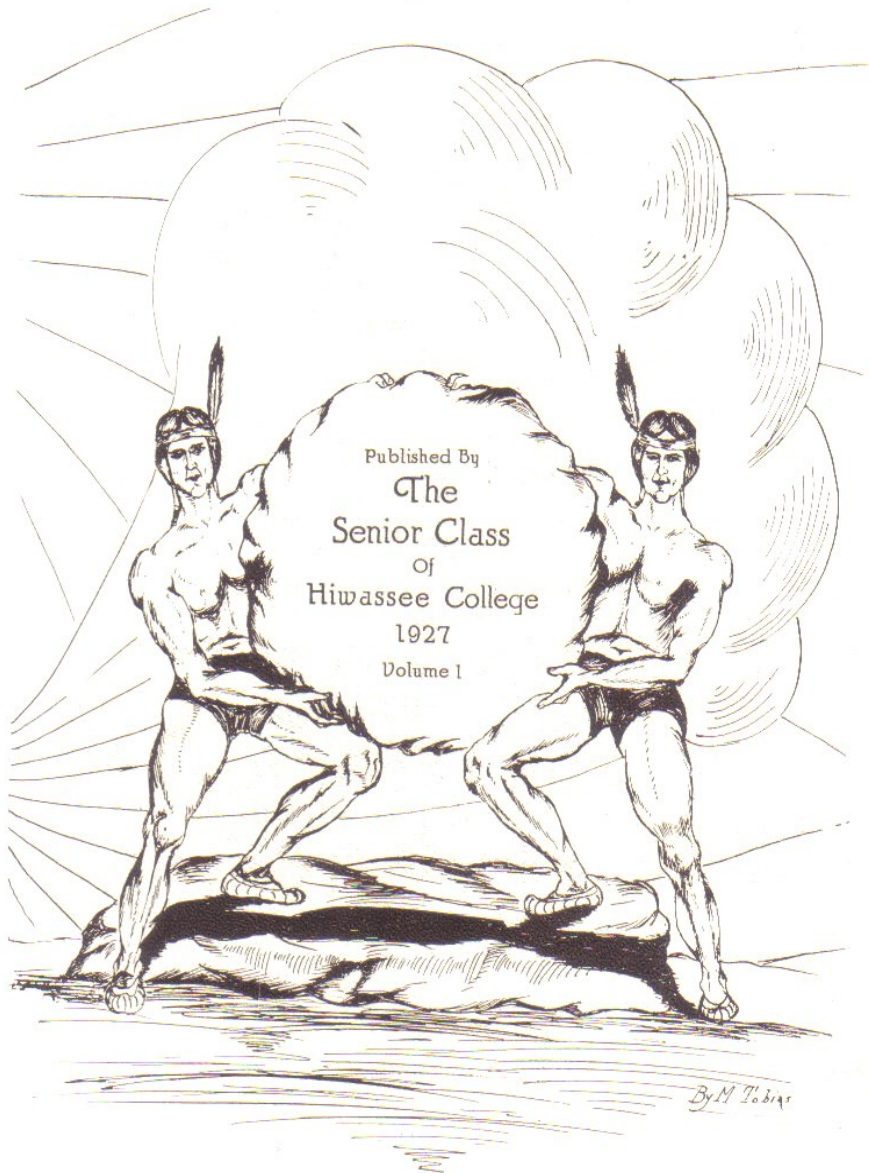
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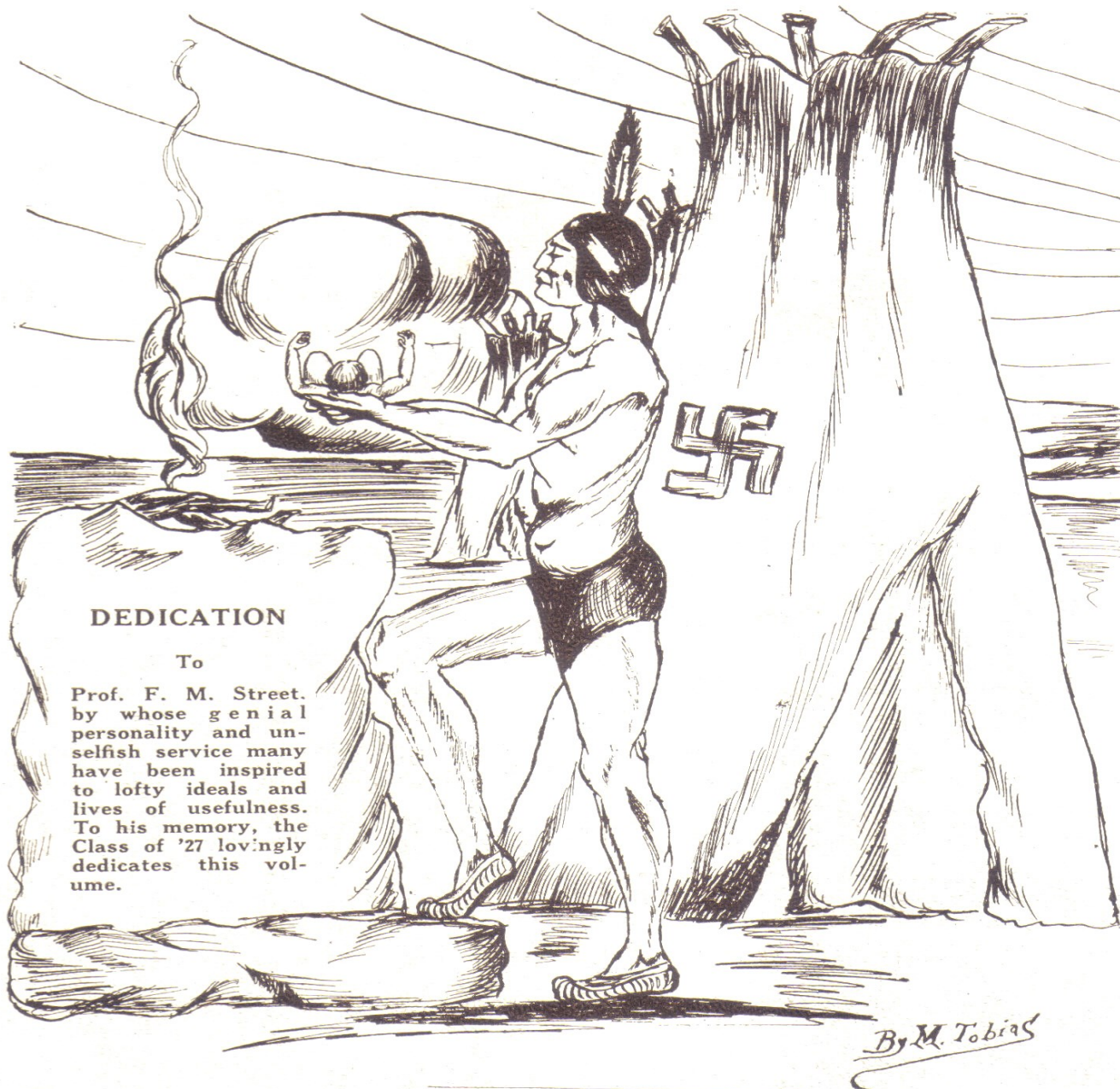




PROF. LOY W. ALLISON, A.B.
FACULTY ADVISOR

Pretty Fawn





DEDICATION

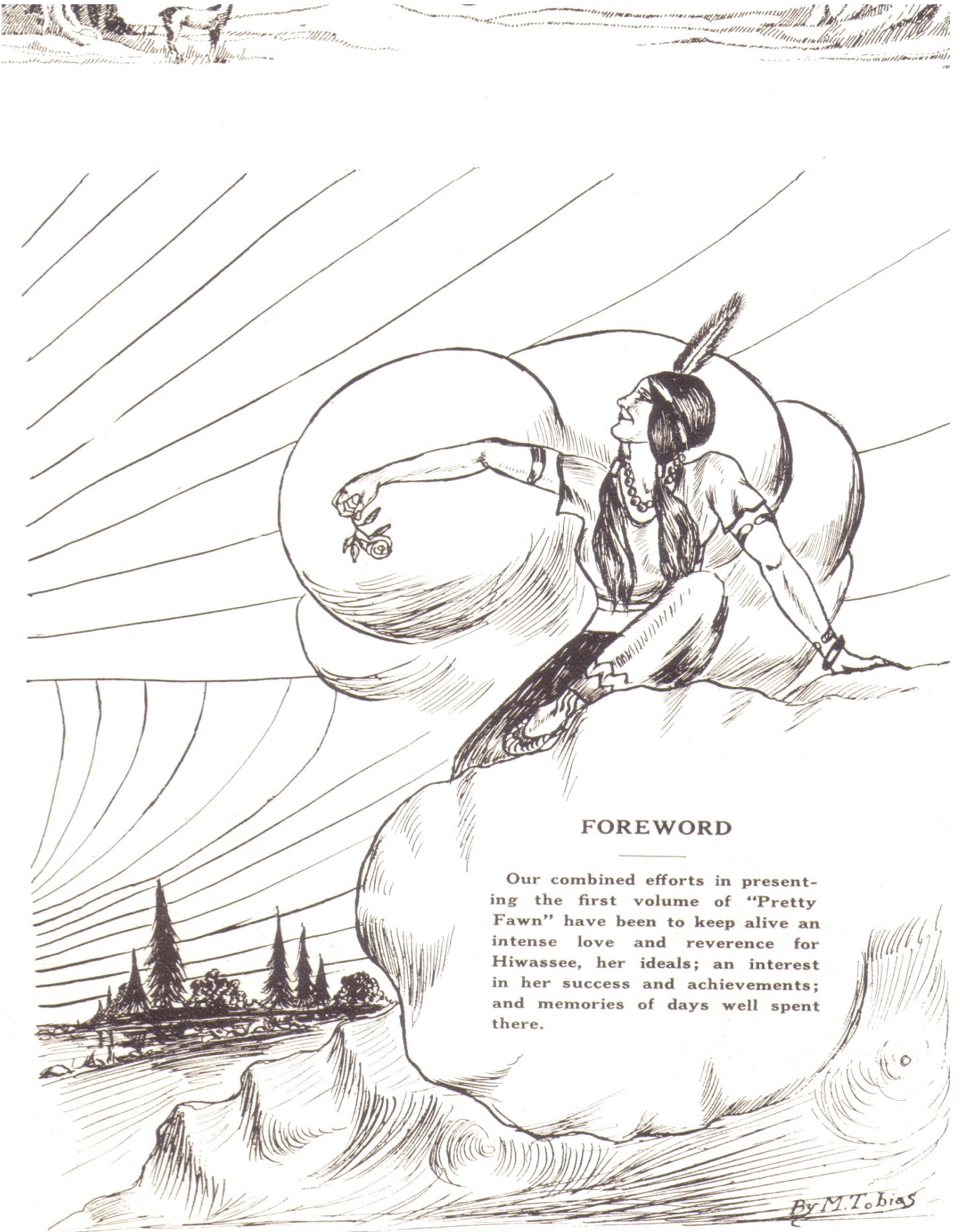
To

Prof. F. M. Street.
by whose genial
personality and un-
selfish service many
have been inspired
to lofty ideals and
lives of usefulness.
To his memory, the
Class of '27 lovingly
dedicates this vol-
ume.

By M. Tobias



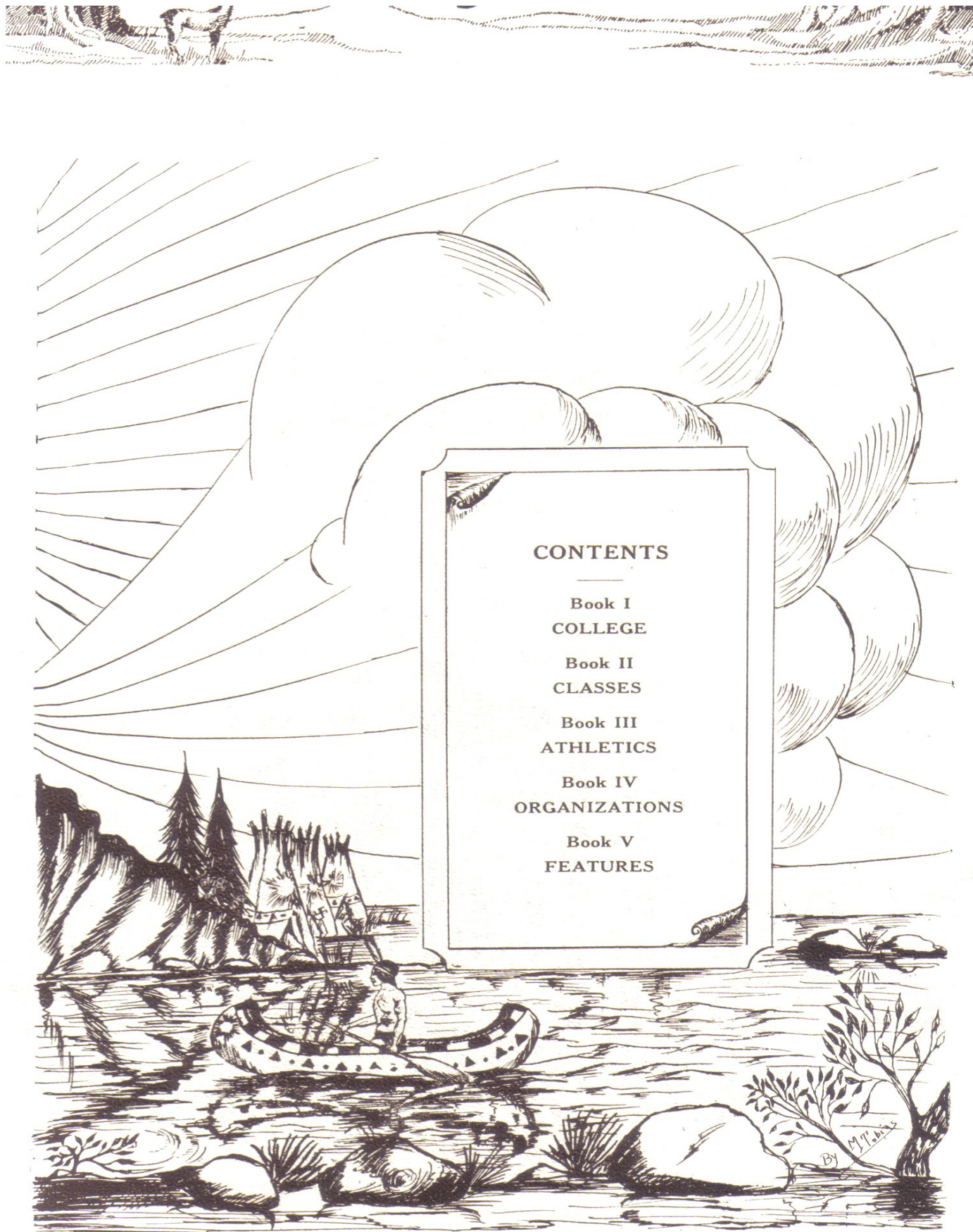
FRANCIS MARION STREET, A.B., A.M. (Deceased)
PROFESSOR OF LATIN AND GREEK, 1906-1927



FOREWORD

Our combined efforts in presenting the first volume of "Pretty Fawn" have been to keep alive an intense love and reverence for Hiwassee, her ideals; an interest in her success and achievements; and memories of days well spent there.

By M. T. Tobias





L.M. GILLENWATER
BUS-MGR.



HAZEL JONES
EDITOR



D.R. YOVELL
ATHLETIC EDITOR



STAFF



EVA LEE JOHNSON
ASS'D EDITOR



L.N. DALTON
JOKE EDITOR



ISABEL CATRON
ASS'D-ART. EDITOR

ART EDITOR



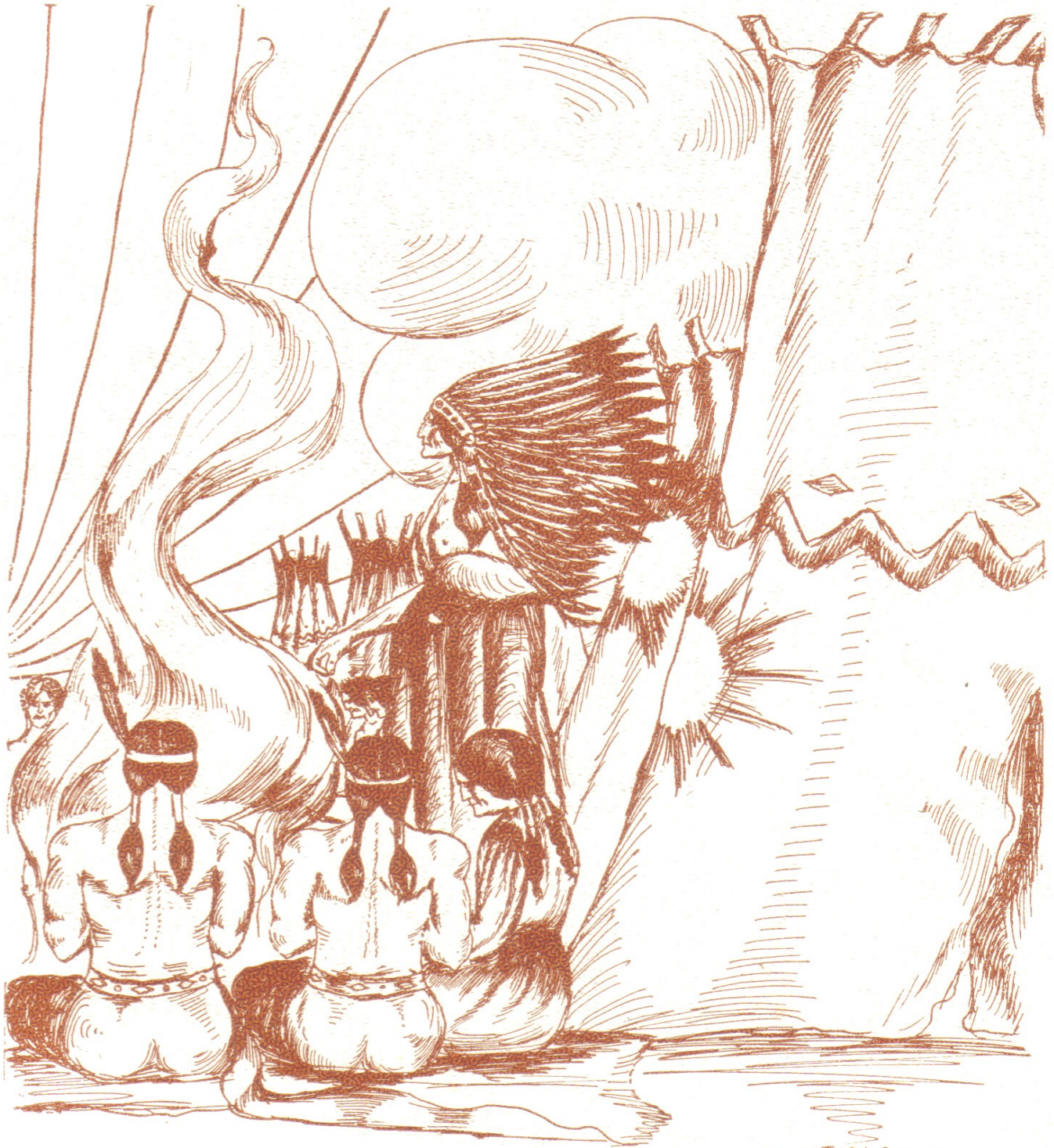
S.B. CROCKETT



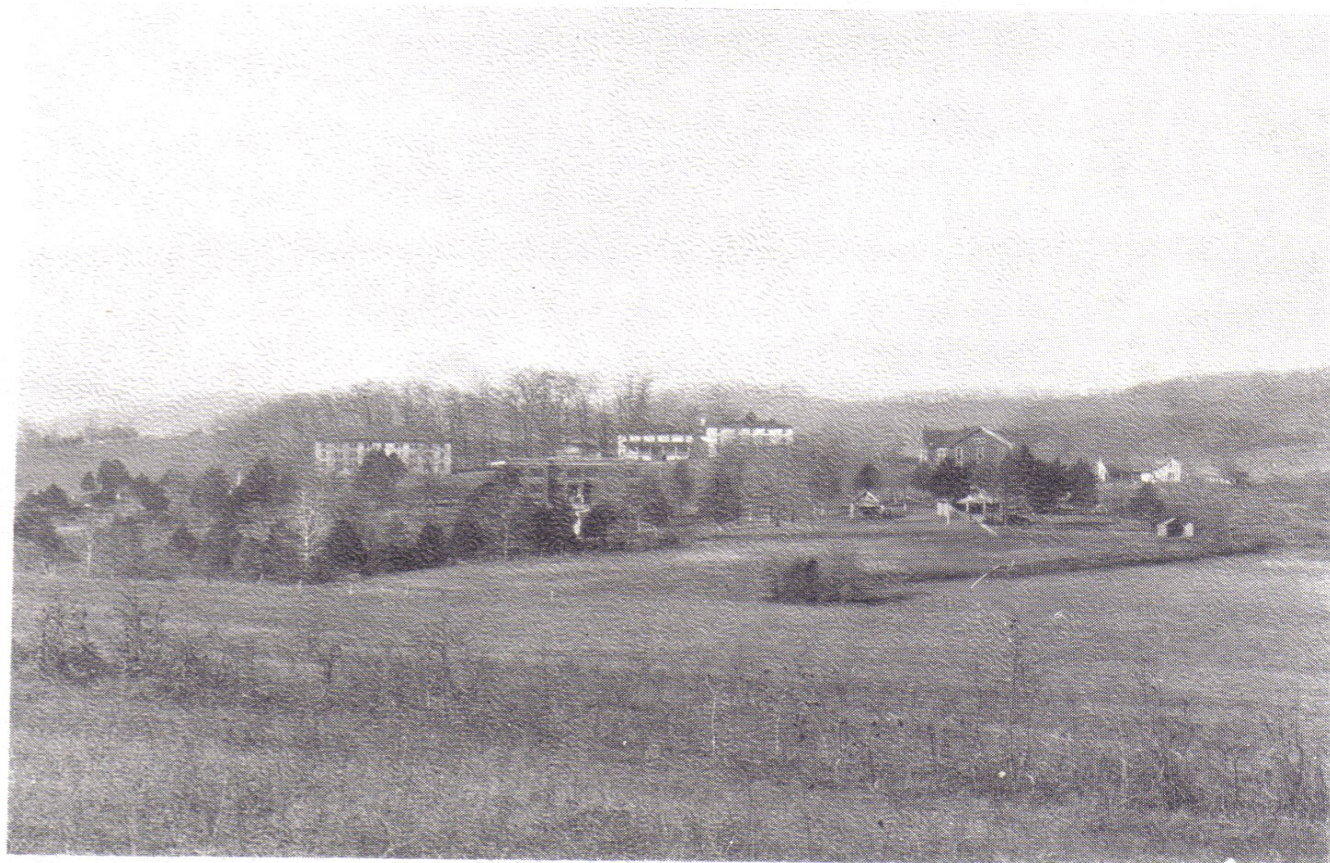
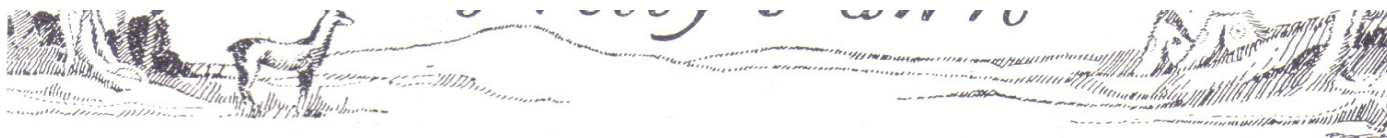
M.K. PROVINCE

ASS'T. BUS-MGR.

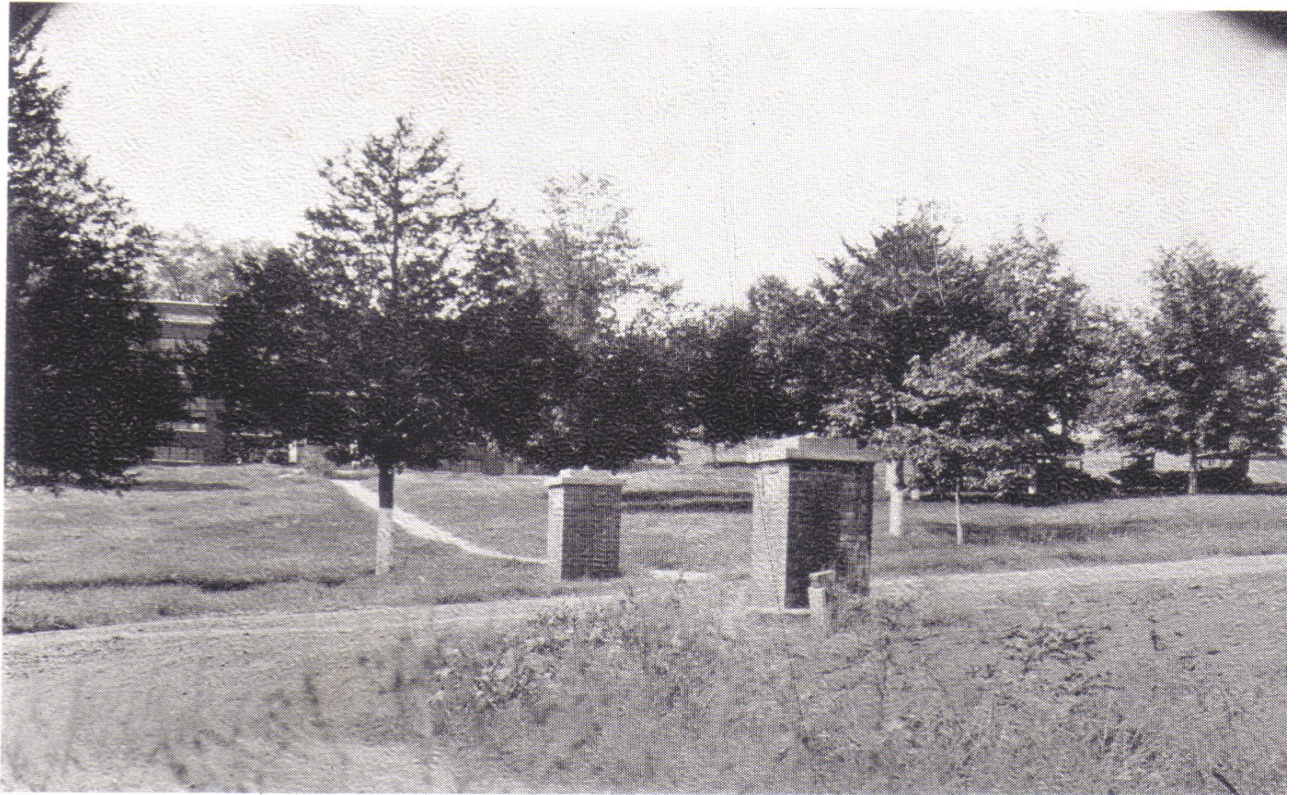
COLLEGE



By M. Tobias

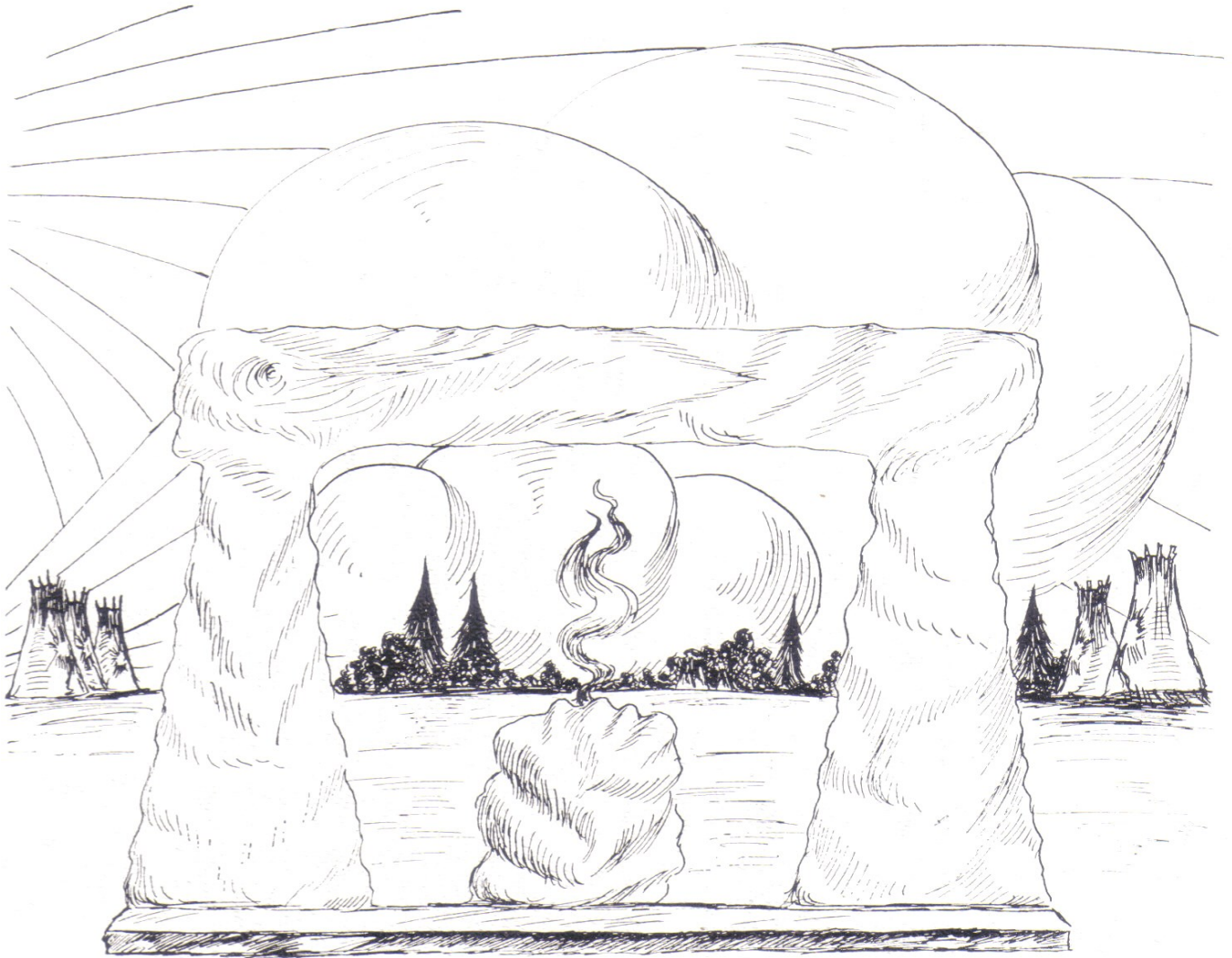


BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CAMPUS AND BUILDINGS



CAMPUS ENTRANCE

ADMINISTRATION



By M. Tobias



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING



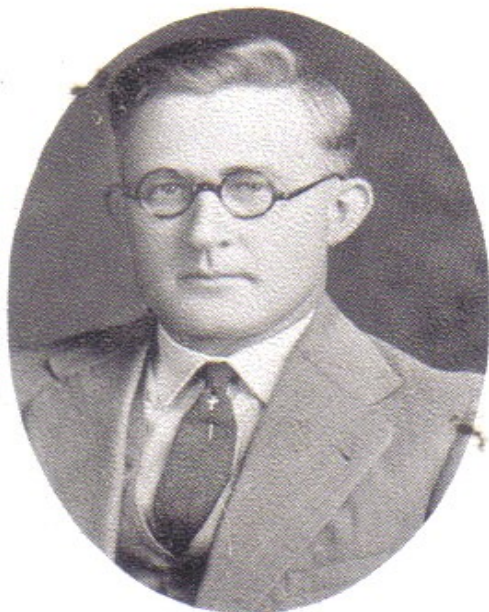
REV. J. E. LOWRY

A.B., M.A., Hiwassee College, 1886; Member, Holston Conference, 1888-1889; President, Hiwassee College, 1899 to 1924; Associate President, Hiwassee College, 1924—



PROF. J. M. REEDY

A.B., Emory and Henry College; Graduate, Hiwassee College, 1916; A.B., Emory and Henry College, 1918; Principal, High Schools, West Virginia, 1918-1923; Graduate Work, University of West Virginia, summer quarter, 1922; Extension Work, University of West Virginia, 1923-1924; President, Hiwassee College, 1924—



PRESIDENT J. M. REEDY
B.A., Emory and Henry College
Professor of History

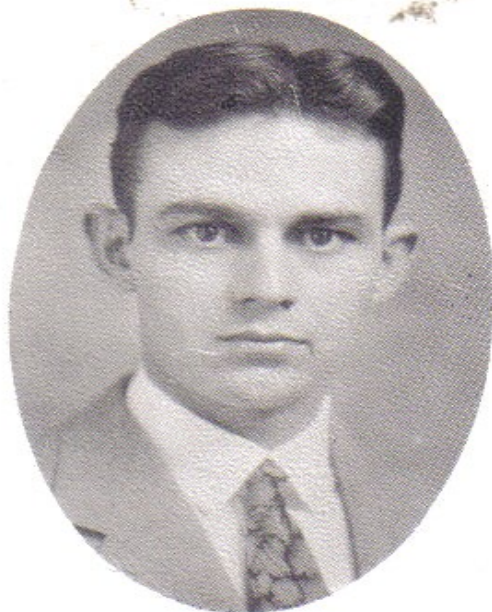


MRS. J. M. REEDY
Emory and Henry College
Lady Principal

'26

FACULTY

'2



T. A. FRICK
B.A., Newberry College
Professor of Science, Track Coach
Present position since 1923



MRS. T. A. FRICK
B.O., Whitworth College
Expression
Present position since 1920



LOY W. ALLISON
B.A., Lincoln Memorial
University
*Professor of English and
Education*
Present position since 1923



MRS. LOY ALLISON
Cincinnati Conservatory of
Music
Voice
Present position since 1921



H. F. DICKENSON
M.A., Peabody College
Professor of Mathematics
Present position since 1925



LESTER M. COLLUMS
B.A., Emory and Henry
College
*Professor of French and
Latin*
Present position since 1926



MRS. H. F. DICKENSON
B.A., Emory and Henry
College
English and French
Present position since 1925

'26

'27



N. D. GUERRY
M.A., B.D., Drew Seminary
Professor of Religious Education and Bible

'26



MRS. G. L. LAMBERT
Graduate of Martha Washington College
Dietitian



MRS. LOUISE QUILLEN
Martha Washington College
Piano
Present position since 1921

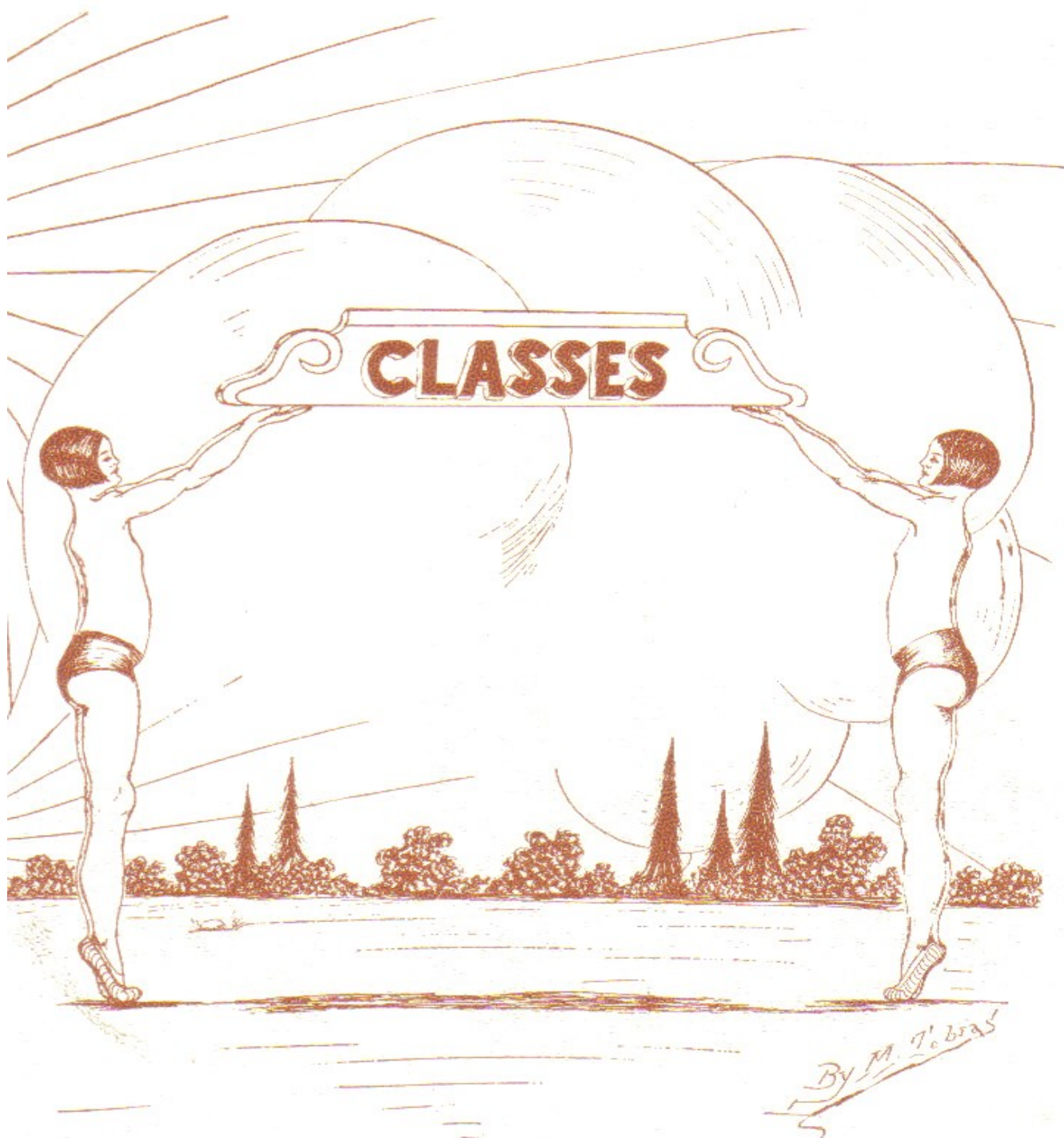


C. T. MILLER
A.B., Emory and Henry College
Athletic Director, Professor of History

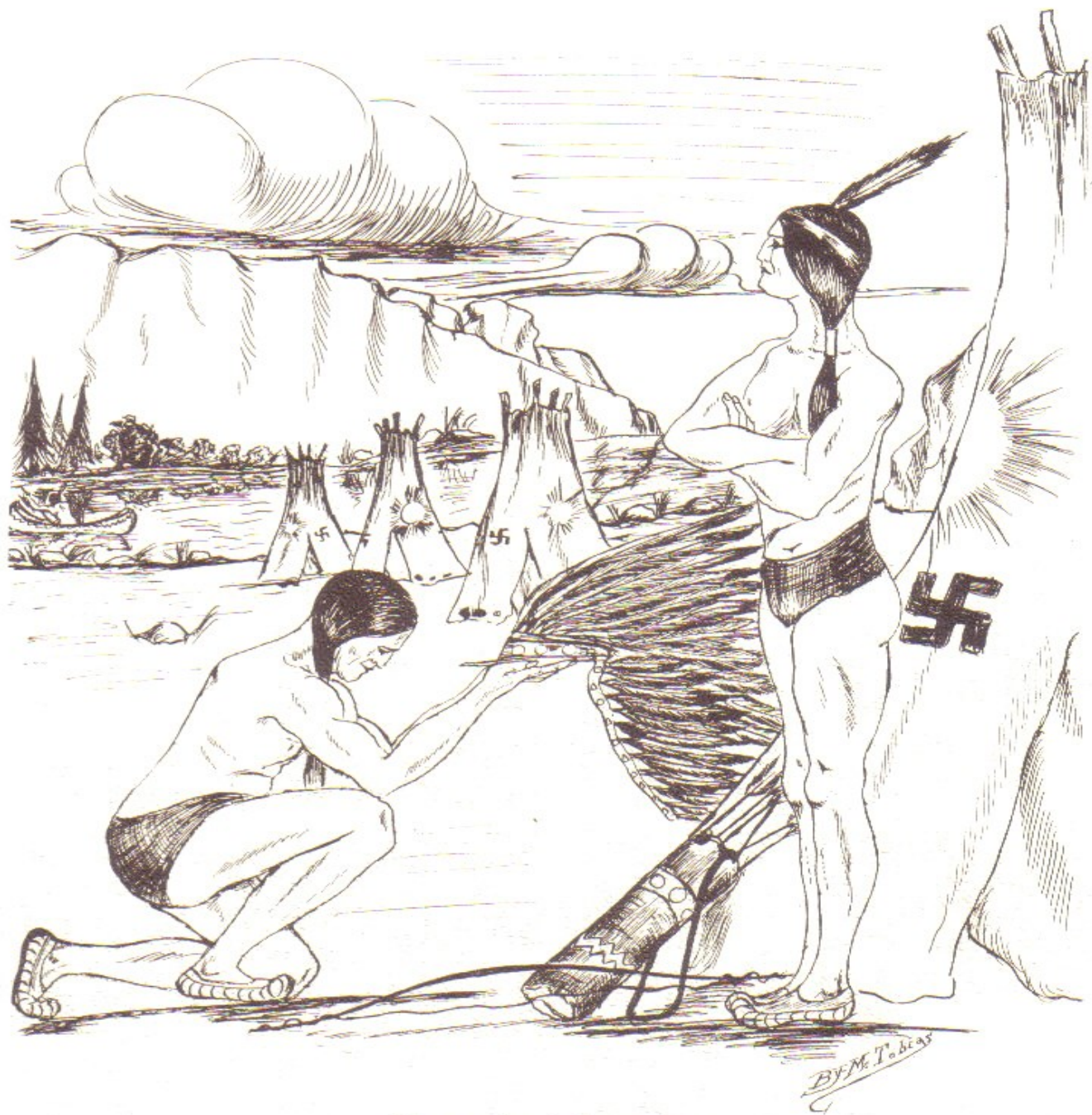
'27



MISS LOUISE ALLEN
B.A., University of Tennessee
Home Economics Instructor



SENIORS



*The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!*
(Robert Browning.)



LESTER M. GILLENWATER

"Pasquallie"

CRUMPLER, WEST VIRGINIA

"My idea of an agreeable person is one who agrees with me."

President, Class '27; Business Manager, PRETTY FAWN; Curry Club; "H" Club; Vice President, Epworth League, '27; Vice President, Eroalethean Society, '26; Chaplain, E. L. Society, '26; Secretary, E. L. S., '25; Cheer Leader, '27; Life Service Band; Vice President, Ministerial Council, '26; Debater, '25; Glee Club; Varsity Football, '25; Hiwassee Quartette; Virginians Club.

LITTLE BETTY JEAN REEDY

"Mascot"

Betty Jean has been with us only a few months, having come to President and Mrs. Reedy from the Holston Orphanage; but she has won a place in the heart of every boy and girl at Hiwassee. Her sweet smile and loving disposition will linger long in our memories after many other things have been forgotten.

HAZEL JONES

"Little Sis"

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

*"I might be better if I would,
But it's awfully lonesome being good."*

Editor in Chief, PRETTY FAWN; President, Tennessee Club, '27; Curry Club; President, Philomathesian Literary Society, '26; Reporter, P. L. S., '25-'27; Secretary and Treasurer, Class '26; Orator, '27; Class Poet, '27.

ROBERT C. LAPHEW

"Bishop"

MAX MEADOWS, VIRGINIA

*"His friends—they are many;
His foes—are they any?"*

Critic, Eroaethean Literary Society, '26; Chaplain, E. L. S., '26; Debater, '27; Intercollegiate Debater, '27; "H" Club; Virginians Club; Vice President, Ministerial Council, '27; Life Service and; Track; Glee Club; Delegate to Y. P. Conference, Memphis, '26.

ZULA JOHNSON

"Sally"

MADISONVILLE, TENNESSEE

"I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again!"

President, Philomathesian Society, '26, '27; Secretary, P. L. S., '26; Epworth League; Secretary, Sunday School; Glee Club; Tennessee Club; Dextera Medal; Voice Medal.

HORTON GUTHRIE

"Possum"

ATHENS, TENNESSEE

"All handsome men are dying, and I don't feel well myself."

President, Eroaethean Society, '27; Tennessee Club; Varsity Football, '26; Epworth League; Captain of Track, '27; "H" Club; Layman's Club.

VIOLET GRUBB

"Grubb"

LOUDON, TENNESSEE

"True to her word, her work, her friends."

Secretary, Y. P. Missionary Society, '25; President, Life Service Band, '26; Critic, Philomathesian Literary Society, '26; Chaptain, P. L. S., '26; Epworth League; Tennessee Club.

H. OLIN TROY

"Sheik"

BLUEFIELD, WEST VIRGINIA

Who said I don't love the ladies? There is nothing like them—only a few more."

President, Eroaethean Society, '27; Corresponding Secretary, E. L. S., '26; Secretary and Treasurer, Layman's Club, '27; President, College Sunday School Class, '27; Class Cheer Leader, '27; Virginians Club; Epworth League.





BARNES CROCKETT

"Prof."

BLUEFIELD, WEST VIRGINIA

*"My heart is whole, my fancy free;
Run on, fair girls; don't bother me."*

Captain, Football, '25; Varsity Football, Basketball, and Track; "H" Club; Vice President, Virginians Club; Art Editor, PRET FAWN; Captain, Basketball, '26; Vice President Class '26.

MARY GLADYS LAMBERT

"Glad Eyes"

BRISTOL, VIRGINIA

*"Not too sober, not too gay,
But a good, true girl in every way."*

President, Castalian Literary Society, '27; Jol Editor, Hiwasseean, '27; President, Y. P. Missionary Society, '27; Treasurer, Epworth League, '27; Life Service Band; Secretary, Curry Club, '27.

ALBERT J. KENSER

"Rat"

VONORE, TENNESSEE

*"Tell him of Jacob's ladder, and he will ask,
'How many steps?'"*

Eroalethean Literary Society; Epworth League Life Service Band; Tennessee Club; Layman Club; Debate, '27; Curry Club.

OTA LOU SLOAN

"Little 'Un"

MADISONVILLE, TENNESSEE

*"Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no enemy and lost no friend."*

Ota Lou came to us from Wesleyan College, and has made a fine record, winning fourth honors in the Class of '27.

LAWRENCE H. GREENWOOD

"Shylock"

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

"So conscientious and responsive to the call of duty."

President, Eromathesian Literary Society, '27 Critic, E. L. S., '27; Treasurer, E. L. S., '26; Ministerial Council; President, Life Service Band, '26 Epworth League; Class Reporter, '26-'27; Curry Club; Debater, '26; Glee Club; Hiwassee Quartette, '26-'27.

D. RUDOLPH YOEUELL

"Rudy"

BIG STONE GAP, VIRGINIA

"Money spent on a lady is not spent—just invested."

Captain, Football, '26; President, "H" Club, '27; Athletic Reporter, '27; Manager, Basketball, '26; Athletic Council, '27; Epworth League; President Layman's Club, '27; President, Virginians Club, '27; Athletic Editor, PRETTY FAWN; Inter-society Debate, '27; Varsity Football, Baseball, Basketball; Vice President, E. L. S., '27.

JULIA RUTH RICHARDSON

"Judy"

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

*"Once she played with toys,
But now with the hearts of boys."*

Critic, Philomathesian Literary Society, '27; Debate, '27; Vice President, Y. P. Missionary Society, '27; Epworth League; Vice President, Life Service Band, '27; President, Curry Club, '27; Representative, Cleveland District E. L. U. Oratorical Contest, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Nashville, St. Louis.

LEWIS N. DALTON

"Louie"

JENKIN JONES, WEST VIRGINIA

"The wisdom of many and the wit of few."

President, Eroaethean Literary Society, '26; Critic, E. L. S., '25; Manager, Football, '26; Editor in Chief, *Hivassean*, '27; President, Student Body, '27; Athletic Council, '26; Debater, '26; Intercollegiate Debate, '27; Joke Editor, PRETTY FAWN, '27; Vice President, Layman's Club, '27; Epworth League; Virginians; Salutatorian, '27.

MINNIE GRACE MILLS

"Milly"

MADISONVILLE, TENNESSEE

"Her face portrays pure goodness of the soul."

Minnie has been in our class only one year, but she has made herself one of us, and her record has proved her a worthy member of our class.

CANDLER EVANS

"Shorty," "Mag-i-kin"

BULL'S GAP, TENNESSEE

"Not a man of inches, but every inch a man."

Librarian, Eroaethean Literary Society, '27; Tennessee Club.





VEA BACON

"Vay"

ROCKWOOD, TENNESSEE

"She never talks, but all the time."

Secretary, Philomathesian Literary Society, '26; Chaplain, P. L. S., '26; Epworth League; Secretary-Treasurer, Life Service Band, '26; Y. P. Missionary Society; Tennessee Club; Curry Club; Glee Club; Debater, '27.

EVA LEE JOHNSON

"Mother"

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

"Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."

President, Philomathesian Literary Society, '26; Critic, P. L. S., '26; Chaplain, P. L. S., '26; President, Y. P. Missionary Society, '26; Secretary, Life Service Band, '26; President, Epworth League, '27; Secretary-Treasurer, Class '27; Secretary-Treasurer, Student Body, '27; Associate Editor, PRETTY FAWN, '27; Curry Club; Class Prophet, '27; Tennessee Club; Debater, '26; Orator, '27; Student Body Reporter, '27; Delegate to Y. P. Conference, Memphis, '26.

ISABELLE CATRON

"Cat"

MORRISTOWN, TENNESSEE

*"None knew her but to love her,
None name her but to praise her."*

President, Philomathesian Literary Society, '27; Debater, '26; Associate Editor, *Hwasseean*, '27; Associate Art Editor, PRETTY FAWN, '27; Epworth League; Reporter, Y. P. Missionary Society, '26; Class Lawyer, '27; Valedictorian, '27.

M. K. PROVINCE

"Papa"

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

*"High and erect, with thoughts seated in a heart
of courtesy."*

Associate Business Manager, PRETTY FAWN, '27; Ministerial Council; Life Service Band; Tennessee Club; Epworth League; Treasurer and Chaplain, Philomathesian Literary Society, '26.

GEORGE ROSS

"Toby"

MARYVILLE, TENNESSEE

"Roll on, old world, and I'll roll with you."

Philomathesian Literary Society; Layman's Club; Tennessee Club; Track. "Toby" entered our class late in the year from Maryville College, but his wit and good humor have won him many friends.





JOE ORR

"Buzzard"

DRYDEN, VIRGINIA

"He would attempt to prove by force of argument that a buzzard is a fowl."

Secretary, Eromathesian Literary Society, '27; Vice President, E. L. S., '27; Layman's Club; Virginians Club; Epworth League.

ELLEN SPITSER

"Spit-fire"

BRISTOL, TENNESSEE

"Why worry? It will happen anyway."

Philomathesian Literary Society; Teacher, Commercial Department; Epworth League; Curry Club; Virginians Club.

JOE P. BYRD

"Smock"

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

"Quiet, modest, and determined, And worthy in all his ways."

President, Eromathesian Literary Society, '26; Secretary, E. L. S., '27; Vice President, Class '27; Debaters' Medal, '26; Intersociety Debater, '27; Class Orator, '27; Varsity Football, Baseball, and Basketball; "H" Club; Captain, Basketball, '27; President, Ministerial Council, '26; Life Service Band; Epworth League; Tennessee Club.

TRULA STOWERS

"True Love"

NEBO, VIRGINIA

"A cordial smile for every one; Thus she our hearts has won."

Philomathesian Literary Society; Teacher, Preparatory Department; Virginians Club; Curry Club.

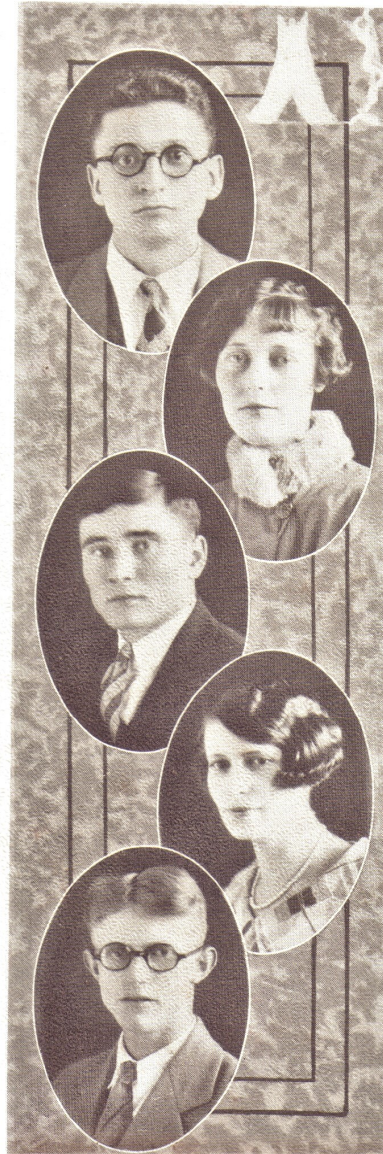
TOM WRIGHT THOMPSON

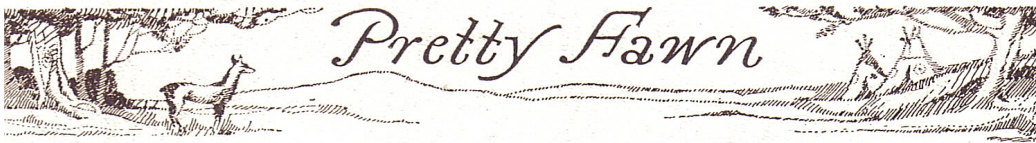
"Ten-o'clock Scholar"

MADISONVILLE, TENNESSEE

"To be efficient in a quiet way, Is my aim throughout each day."

Thompson has been with us the whole two years, and his familiar figure riding up on his faithful horse at the last minute will be greatly missed by the boys and girls remaining at Hiwassee.



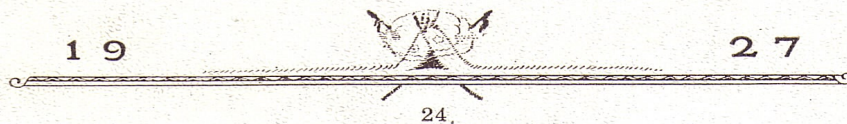


CLASS POEM

Down the long length of the firmament
Grandly time rides on its way;
Then in a cloud of glorious tint
It silently passes away.

Ambition, pleasures, temptations, and fears
Add to the strength of the strife,
As, passing on through the lengthening years,
We come to the sunset of life.

Twilight—the darkness—Life's night at last.
We stand in the judgment and review our past.
God grant we've given our best, O class!





CLASS HISTORY

BEFORE

The ego of a Freshman is excelled by none except the English. It was in such a spirit that we entered upon our work in August, 1925. From Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee, Florida, Georgia, and other States we came, until the total enrollment for the year had reached thirty-two. Some of us came wearing medals won in high school back at home, while about all there was still the glamor of the graduating exercises of the previous spring. It seemed that any one with a high-school diploma must be a very learned person from the atmosphere that we created.

It was only about a month later that the class as a whole began to murmur: "I know I knowed something when I came here, but I'll be jiggered if ole Genung isn't about to get me down!" Then after listening to a few of Professor Allison's lectures on his pet theme of "You don't know what it's all about, anyway," we were willing to admit that we did not.

In our first class meeting an effort was made to bring order out of chaos by organizing. Conley Dickenson was elected to steer the class's course for the year, with Barnes Crockett as his assistant. Hazel Jones was selected as Secretary and Treasurer, and L. H. Greenwood for Reporter. L. M. Gillenwater acted as Yell Leader, and Professor Dickenson consented to sponsor us for the year.

Realizing the tremendous strain which we were undergoing, due to the burning of too much midnight oil for studying, our new President ordered a halt, and arrangements were made for a class picnic. On Monday morning we set out, loaded with pots and pans, for Johnson's Spring. The morning was well spent when we arrived at our destination. So immediate preparations were made for the "feed." At noon we were called to eat, and for once no one was late. In the afternoon we were given liberty, and it was a sight at the courting that was done. Even Joe Orr looked guilty, and who knows but what he wasn't? Maybe it was the social privileges that caused every one to have such a good time, or maybe it was just the weather. Anyway, the President's plan had worked, for by the time the first-quarter examinations were over we had lost some of our ambition to study, and our grades had relieved us of a considerable portion of our egotism.

In athletics our class excelled in all branches. On the football field we placed seven star players, they being Gillenwater, Kennedy, Crockett, Youell, Sheets, Ghormley, and Dickenson. On the Varsity Basketball Team we played Dickenson, Byrd, and Crockett; and Kennedy, Dickenson, Crockett, Byrd, and Youell represented us on the Baseball Team. With such a force of athletes as these, it is not surprising that we walked away with the inter-class loving cup. In basketball, baseball, volleyball, tennis, and soccer, even horseshoe pitching, we won over all our opponents; and if they had played checkers, it is possible we would have won in it.

Our Freshman year was fittingly climaxed with the banquet which we gave in honor of the departing Sophomores. The dining hall was elaborately decorated for the occasion with class colors, the same scheme holding good for the tables. The menu was one of many French names, but turned out to be real American *eats*, served by girls selected from the lower classes. The program, under the direction of Conley Dickenson, who acted as toastmaster, consisted of musical numbers and readings, intermingled with short talks. The same class spirit which had predominated us throughout the year never failed us upon this occasion, and every one declared the affair to be a great success.

AFTER

The summer vacation of 1926 passed all too quickly, and August 24 found us back in school. Many of the familiar faces of the past year were replaced by new ones. They were strangers to us then, but we soon grew to love them, and now they seem as much a part of us as were those who did not return. With their coming, our class enrollment grew to within one of the number enrolled the previous year, when there were thirty-two.

At an early date the class was called together to organize. This year L. M. Gillenwater was elected for President, with Joe Byrd for Vice President. Eva Lee Johnson was selected for Secretary and Treasurer, and L. H. Greenwood was reelected Reporter for the class. Olin Troy was chosen as Yell Leader, and Professor Allison agreed to sponsor us during the year.

Not unlike our President of the preceding year, Mr. Gillenwater realized the necessity for relief work among his ever-studious followers, and immediately made arrangements for our annual picnic. This year Nile's Ferry, over on the Little Tennessee, was selected. It proved an ideal location and a great relief from the hot September sun. Permission was gained from Mrs. Allison for the girls to go in bathing, and it wasn't long before the splash made by both girls and boys hitting the water could be heard. It was said that Hazel Jones got so excited that she forgot to change to her bathing suit before she went in.

The bathing did not last long, for the cool water, coupled with the aroma of cooking food from the bank





above, proved too great an appetizer, and most of us were assembled ready for the eats before the call had ever been given. The repast which was set before us was fit for a king, but I am afraid we did not eat it with manners becoming royalty, for it was not long before the last morsel had disappeared. The long, pleasant afternoon was mostly spent in taking social privileges, and from the number taking them I don't believe a better manner of entertainment could have been chosen. We were sorry when the time came to return home, but all things must end.

Early in his administration our President announced his platform to the class. It consisted of three main points, which were: (1) an Annual! (2) an Annual!! (3) an Annual!!! Before the year had progressed far we realized that he intended to carry out his plan and publish one; so we fell to his support and elected the Annual Staff. After that we had Annual for breakfast, dinner, and supper. It was no easy task which we had set ourselves to do, and we were not long in finding it out. To get the money, to make the pictures, obtain advertisements, and all that goes with the making of an Annual was ours for nine months. But with such dogged determination and leadership, we were sure of successfully doing what no other class had entertained the slightest hopes of accomplishing. Due to Gillenwater's untiring efforts and the hearty support of both staff and the school, our goal was attained, and to-day we have published the first volume of PRETTY PAWN. It is to be hoped that we have set the example for the classes which are to follow.

The last portion of our sojourn at the Grand Ole Institution might be termed the "Social Era." For two months we were attending social events and banquets, given one after the other for us by the Faculty and students.

The ball was started rolling by a St. Patrick's Day dinner, which was tendered us by President and Mrs. Reedy. A section of the dining room was formed into an alcove for the occasion by a lattice of green and white. Within the alcove the tables were attractively arranged, and ideas of St. Patrick were carried out in all the details. Unique place cards and candy pipes of green, with candles in holders of Irish potatoes, were found at each plate. Professor Reedy acted as toastmaster for the evening, and the company was delightfully entertained with musical selections by Misses Snider and Bacon. While the dinner was in progress, President Reedy called upon various members of the Faculty and class for speeches. Ready responses were forthcoming, and anecdotes of Irish humor flew thick and fast. As the candles began to burn low and the repast grew to a gradual close, the speeches began to have a more serious turn, and there was present that intangible atmosphere of intermingled sadness and joy. The occasion will always be remembered as one of the most pleasant events of our days at Hiwassee.

For April 18 the class received invitations from the Freshmen to attend a banquet at the Kefauver Hotel. Promptly at seven o'clock that night the party assembled at Lawrence Home and motored to the scene of festivity. Upon entering the spacious dining room, each guest was presented with a boutonniere of violets and sweet peas, the flowers of each class. The room was elaborately decorated, with the colors of both classes intermingled with the white lilies of Eastertide. Tom Magill, the Vice President of the Freshmen, acted as toastmaster, and ruled the assembly with great ceremony. His address of welcome was responded to by our own President, Lester Gillenwater. An entertaining musical program was in order while the courses were being served. Each guest was awarded a beautiful souvenir of the occasion, but a speech from each was demanded before possession could be taken. Thus a constant stream of fun and good cheer was maintained. It was all in fun, but a tinge of sadness again prevailed as the banquet came to a close, for we all realized that this was another step nearer the time when we should have to tell these good friends of ours farewell. The banquet proved to be the most successful in the history of the school, and the Freshmen are to be congratulated. We wish for them the same pleasure next year, when they shall be the guests.

I will attempt to list only one more of these social events to which we were invited. That was the alumni banquet of May 9. The dining hall was the scene of this festivity, and Professor Callahan, President of the association, officiated at this affair. Many were the talks that were given by the past students of our Alma Mater concerning its past glory and that which the future had in store for it. The spirit of the assembly tended to make us welcome. We were filled with a new spirit of loyalty which we had not known before, and we were made to realize that as students we no longer existed, but that we had automatically become members of the Alumni Association, and to it we pledged our support.

We had entered our Freshman year egotistical to the extreme, but the morning of the 14th found us in an entirely different frame of mind. Upon the threshold of life we stood, waiting to enter and learn from her, her secrets. To be sure, we were proud, and we must have looked very wise in our caps and gowns, but within we knew only a longing to know more.

Graduation Day is bitter-sweet. To have finished our work, to have made a success, was joy; but to break the bonds of friendship and school ties which we had learned to love so dearly was misery. To receive our sheepskin was pleasure, but to shake the hand which gave it to us in farewell was sorrow; and so we pass "out of school life into life's school."





CLASS PROPHECY

I have been encouraged to-day by learning that it does not take an exceptionally gifted person to be a prophet. "Read the signs of the times," I am told, "and know that the events of yesterday and to-day determine the destinies of to-morrow." So it has always been, so it will ever be. "Childhood shows the man as morning shows the day," is another old saying; so perhaps it will not be impossible for me to look backward over a few years, contemplate the different happenings that have come to pass in the lives of my classmates, and determine in some measure just what the future holds in store for each. Come, sprites of reverie, memory, and prophecy! Weave your magic threads about me and bid me make known those things becoming to a prophet.

Ah, Music! Notes to stir the heart of stone and drive a soul hardened with sin to meek repentance. Familiar, too. Let me see. Yes, I could not be mistaken. It is Gillenwater, our beloved Pasqualli; and as he sings, he incarnates in his melody that enthusiasm, that magnetic personality which has made him so well loved. That he should reach his desired goal in his chosen work as evangelistic singer does not surprise me. One who has safely weathered the gales of six successive years at Hiwassee will surely tow many an unfortunate sailor into harbor before making the final port with flying sails.

Dreamy change, and the old Philomathesian Hall! Little Sis Jones, with enthusiastic eloquence, challenges us to better things. The scene shifts. I see a legislative hall, and Mrs. Theo Jones stands there, not only a staunch advocate for her sex, but for a nobler civilization, a bitter enemy to vice and crime. Small in stature, 'tis true, but destined to do great deeds.

"No mo' lasses for me; I believe in 'all-year' training," and I see Barnes push back the syrup pitcher. A true athlete he is—clean, sociable, intellectual. What a leader for boys! With what success might he coach a team to victory! Nor would Barnes ever forget that he is training boys to manhood and lives of usefulness and leadership. As I look into his face, I know that Barnes has found that one thing he lacked when we were classmates—a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ.

I find myself a stranger and in a foreign land. Is there no familiar hand to greet me as I wander through the humble streets of the Old World? Ambassador! Mary Gladys, an ambassador for the king! Carrying to those who have not heard the message of peace and love and light! O, yes, she is Mrs. Hillman now; and John is somewhere near, of course. He sings and preaches, too; but folks do say that of the two, what Mary Gladys says usually goes.

Is this Martha Washington College? I'm looking for some one, I'm sure, and something tells me that I will find her within these classic walls. "Home Economics, Miss Isabell Catron." Shucks! I always thought that "Cat" would have made an excellent preacher's wife, but I never did convince her. Perhaps her reputation for rare Southern dainties will bring her prince charming after all; so there is no need for me to waste my sympathies where they are so little appreciated.

Vonore! I follow the conductor and step from the train into a thriving inland town, to be greeted by a familiar handshake from Brother Albert Kinser. Albert is telling me how he has systematically applied some of the knowledge that we gathered from our Rural Sociology Class, and of how a small town merchant may help in the bringing about of the kingdom, even in a place like Vonore.

What is meant by this junk heap here? Looks like the remains of a car! Goodness! How could I fail to recognize "True Love" even in the rôle of junk? Some way her incapacity brings a feeling of sadness; but as the scene shifts, I see that it is better so, for she can no longer serve her master. Looking on, I know that no Ford to date could summons the necessary dignity to transport Dr. Lawrence Greenwood, Ph.D., in his educational tour of Southern Methodism.

Is this a classroom? Yes, and a typical professor stands before his class. "Now, let me see, class," he says, absent-mindedly—"my glasses? O, yes, here they are on my nose! I surely overlooked them." It couldn't possibly be any one but Joe Orr, from Dryden!

As I smile at the memories that the vision of Joe brings to me, the scene changes again. "Another home run for Byrd!" goes up a triumphant cry. No, it isn't a baseball score, but a repentant soul rising from bended knee, and Joe rises, too. As the shout dies away, we know that the score is marked with a shining star and the grandstands of heaven are filled with the rejoicing of angels.

"We seem to have a juice driver in the dining hall this morning," comes the familiar voice of Professor Reedy. Nothing serious—just a cup of coffee on a clean white shirt! And we called him "Horton Silo Possum Guthrie," and stole his peanuts; but now we all look with respect to the man of the soil, for he helps to answer our morning prayer: "Give us this day our daily bread." One farmer to feed twenty-five classmates and their increase! Small wonder we talk of the high cost of living.

"The Child's Garden." The sign appears over a rose-covered bungalow. From fragrant trellises peep the faces of children whose innocence and sweetness rival that of the full-blown roses. Why do I find this





larger child here with these tiny tots? O, excuse me! 'Tis Trula Stowers, and with her sweet, gentle ways, pray where would one expect to find her but with those of her kind?

"Do you wish to pay a monthly fee, or would you like a scholarship?" And I find myself in the "sanctum sanctorum" of the New York Business College. Why, it's Miss Spitsler talking! Can it be possible? Yes, there is the name before me—"Miss Ellen Spitsler, President." It is an unusual office for a young lady; but, then, you will grant me that Miss Spitsler is an unusual young lady.

What a change from this modern, up-to-date business office to these dirty streets of the slums! I wonder who in the world I will find here? A voice says, "She helped those who could not help themselves;" and I grasp the outstretched hand of Julia Ruth, or "Mother Judy," as she is called by hundreds who know and love her. She tells me of her work, and I vision her days of service in the name of the lowly Nazarene, whose banner she so nobly held aloft during her school days. No sinner is too wretched for her to love and lift with her own sweet strength to a newer and better way.

Now I find myself looking upon the Supreme Court room, and there I have confirmed in my mind the old maxim, "There is nothing in size," as I see the class runt dealing out justice with a vengeance. His practice in the Kangaroo Courts of Hiwassee has stood him in good stead, and the rare wisdom and judgment of the Hon. Candler Evans is commended by many.

Who? Dalton—Dalton? Sounds like an adding machine! Orator, is he? O, I get it now! Lewis Dalton has at last found his way to the Dynamo of Dixie, and he is speaking to-night in the Memorial Auditorium! His oratory is sweeping the audience along with him, and he brings before the people high ideals of international relationships. He might be proclaimed the "Dynamo of America," a world missionary, for he has become the power for turning the mind of America from selfishness to love and compassion for her less fortunate neighbors.

So this is Holston Orphanage? I have always wanted to visit the orphanage. Wonder who this is that comes to greet us? 'Tis Violet sure, as modest and sweet as always. How well she looks, and how happy the children seem! She says she is to leave soon for the land of her dreams. Lucky will be the small yellow chaps of the East whose lives will be placed in Violet's hands within the next few years.

I must have fallen a-dreaming with the paper in my hand. Wonder what it holds of interest to a dreamer? Page one—war, nothing import—wait, "General George Ross," and so on. So one of our number aspired to militarism and reached the topmost goal, as would be expected. Of course I will hear more of him later. Page two—deaths, woof! How dreadful! And marriages. Now, that's better. "Miss Zula Johnson becomes the bride of Rev. L. H. Collums." I just knew Zula would make an ideal wife for a Methodist preacher. She was always so practical as well as gifted. I wager she wins as many souls for the kingdom as her illustrious husband.

A ship is sailing out of port; and as the watchers wave, I catch a part of the conversation of the persons next to me. "Rev. Robert Laphew is sailing for Cuba to take charge of Candler College. He has just finished his graduate work at Emory University." I shall look with interest for news from Laphew in Cuba, and know that we may depend upon his carrying the gospel message wherever he goes. Great things are sure to be accomplished in Cuba through his efforts.

Back on familiar territory I find myself, and view with interest those who now fill the places we once filled. It is chapel time. A speaker steps forward to conduct the chapel exercises. He reads, "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man;" and I know from his looks that he practices the doctrine that he preaches when he urges the boys and girls to live the fourfold life. Yes, it is Rudy—only now he is Professor Youell, head of the Mathematics Department; and they say that his greatest success is not in the classroom, but in the life he lives.

A singer comes on the platform, and I am told that it is Margaret Province. As I talk with her, I learn that "Papa" Province, after his long struggle for his Ph.D., has become so enthused over the rural-church problem that he is supremely joyful to be presiding elder of the Cleveland District. He says he wouldn't trade places with a bishop, and I don't believe he would.

Two familiar faces come before me, and I greet my old friends, Ota Lou and Minnie Mills. Miss Sloan evidently knew what she was doing when she was knocking off those "A's" in English under Professor Allison, for she is now head of the English Department at Hiwassee, and Miss Mills has succeeded Professor Guerry as instructor in Religious Education. Strange that our two schoolmistresses should hail from the small town of Madisonville!

"A dillar, a dollar, a ten-o'clock scholar!" and Tom Wright Thompson comes to class late again. Perhaps if most of us had as far to come as he, we would have given up the ghost and stayed at home. So this White Leghorn chicken farm belongs to him? And it is entirely true that he is an eminent authority on poultry breeding?

Believe I will slip down to the President's office. How spick and span everything looks! He must be a





good one, whoever he is. Did some one say something? "Lobbyist?" Ah, now I know without looking! Olin Troy, upon my word! And President of the Grand Ole Institution! Well, Professor Reedy couldn't have been better succeeded, and the good work goes on for another three-quarters of a century.

Music again—sweet, clear notes of pathos and beauty from a heart that has not been untouched by sadness. 'Tis Vea! Once to think of her meant to think of laughter and frivolity and song, but now to hear her means to feel love and sympathy and understanding. Vea once sang with her lips; now she sings with her soul, lifting sinners from hell to heaven.

Wait! Wait! You've told enough. Away, sprites of wisdom! Not one classmate is left, and I'll not listen to my fortune. I'm content to believe that "the best is yet to be."

"My time is in his hand
Who said, 'A whole I planned;'
Youth shows but half; trust God,
See all, nor be afraid!"



LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Senior Class of nineteen hundred twenty-seven of Hiwassee College, being of sound mind and body, and wishing to dispose of all our unnecessary possessions as we depart from the Grand Ole Institution, do hereby make our last will and testament:

To the student body we will our brilliancy and most scholastic aptitudes, also our excellent grades.

To the Junior Class we will our Senior privileges, which will be enjoyed immensely if you are successful in evading the Faculty. Also to the Juniors we bequeath our famous Senior table—this includes our delicate appetites and the chewing gum deposited on the table and chairs.

I, Lewis Dalton, hereby will and bequeath my "bouncing-ball" walk to Apie Harmon.

I, Ellen Spitzer, will my ability to control my temper on the basketball court to "Shack" Gallagher.

I, Tom W. Thompson, will my beaming and radiant smile to Professor Collums.

I, Trula Stowers, bequeath my ability to vamp the boys to Dixie Altman.

I, Albert Kinser, hereby will my fascination for the fair sex to my roommate, Lloyd Currin. I sincerely hope it never causes him as much worry as it has me.

I, Eva Lee Johnson, bequeath my slenderness and petite form, and also my place as directress of the nightly exercises for the Reducing Academy, to Buena Reedy.

I, Joe Steele Orr, wish to leave my dainty appetite and excellent table manners to Everett Stanley.

I, Julia Ruth Richardson, will and bequeath my latest book on "Complete Knowledge of Everything Existing Under the Sun" to "Know-it-all" Williams.

I, Rudolph Youell, do release to Marion Wagley my quiet ways, which can be used effectively during study hours.

I, Robert Laphew, wish to leave my title as "bishop" to David Warner.

I, Mary Gladys Lambert, will my specials to the College for use in kindling fires.

I, Minnie Mills, bequeath my Genung's Rhetoric to Ola Lee Lowry.

I, Horton Guthrie, will my love for tomato ice cream to "Country" Stowers.

We, Lester Gillenwater and Lawrence Greenwood, wish to leave our "shack" to the next member of the Faculty who should wish to embark upon the Sea of Matrimony.

I, Otta Low Sloan, bequeath my rouge, lipstick, and my other cosmetics to Gladys Baker.

I, Joe Byrd, wish to will my affections for "Bacon" to F. B. Jackson.

I, Hazel Jones, will my light-weight championship to "Baby-Face" Waldrop.

I, George Ross, do bequeath my future dates with Hortense to Cedric Friend.

I, Zula Johnson, will and bequeath Professor Collums to the next College flirt—to be more definite, to Bert Stowers. The prospects are favorable for her holding the title of "Professor Collums' girl."

I, Candler Evans, will a bottle of "shrivel-up" to "Too-Tall" Stephens that he may reduce his stature.

I, Olin Troy, bequeath my good looks to Tom Loop.

I, Vea Bacon, will and bequeath my position as H. C. chatterbox to Ora Lee Hicks.

I, Violet Grubb, wish to leave Cash Owens to Fanny Doss, with the instructions of never to be surprised at anything he does.

I, M. K. Province, hereby bequeath my apartment in "Preachers' Palace," including all the little Provinces and other necessary household articles, to James Patterson and Eva Lee Johnson.

I, Barnes Crockett, will my position as star on the Football Team to Jimmie Taylor.

I, Isabelle Catron, bequeath my long list of suitors to Betty Douthat.

This document is to be placed in the hands of Professor Reedy, to go into effect May tenth, nineteen hundred twenty-seven.

CLASS LAWYER.





Pretty Fawn

JUNIORS



*Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!*
(Oliver Wendell Holmes.)

19



27









WILLIAM JONES
ROBERT GHORMLEY
OLA L. LOWRY
JACK SHUGART
CARL KING





JUNIORS

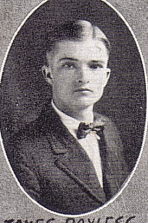


CEDRIC FRIEND
CECIL WEBB






LLOYD CURRIN
ORA LEE HICKS
MATTIE L. REYNOLDS
FLOYD FARMER




HENRY GASTEEL
JAMES BAYLESS
CLAUDE STOWERS
EMORY HODGE
THOMAS LOOP



BILL BLANKENSHIP



TOM MAGILL



JOHN HILLMAN



EVERETT STEVENS



MARION WAGLEY



REBA HICKS



NELLIE HART



MANUEL TOBIAS



LOUISE HODGE



LENA BLACK



MARY E. KIDD



EVERETT STANLEY



EARL REYNOLDS



FRANK HARRIS



LEONARD WHITE



RALPH WILLIAMS



CORRINE EVANS





JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

The first problem of the Junior Class after entering school in the fall was, who should be their pilot for the term. Their unanimous decision was Coach C. T. Miller, of Wise, Va.

Coach has shown himself an efficient leader of the class. At the call of duty and pleasure alike, he was always ready and waiting; when enjoying picnics, he was the first to call "time to eat;" and when practicing the play, it was "duty first and pleasure afterwards." His heart and soul are in the success of his class, not only while in school, but after each launches upon their life's vocation.

William Blankenship, our competent President, hails from Newhall, W. Va. Bill has been one of Hiwassee's best-loved and well-known students and preachers for the past four years. During this time he has always taken a leading part in all the activities of the school.

Tom Magill, our Vice President, comes to us from Central High, of Madisonville, Tenn. Although this is his first year here, we can readily see that he has been well trained in all lines by his ability to accomplish things. We do not wish for sickness; but when it comes, we hope all will go to our great "Doctor Tom" and all the other doctors of the Class of '28.

John Hillman, our Secretary, comes from Herald, Va., but from Hiwassee High School. He is a ministerial student, and has always shown great interest in his class, society, Preachers' Council, and all the other organizations of the school.

Everette Stevens, Class Reporter, is from Vermont Academy, Albany, N. Y. Our Northern classmate is very capable, and is always near the top. He is a good advertiser of the class and school, for he knows how to use Webster all right.

Marion Wagley, our Yell Leader, is from North Dallas High School, Dallas, Texas. Our "cowboy" is acquainted with the shouts of the cowboys; so he furnishes lots of "pep" and also love for his "Maggie." "Texas," if you only keep your kind disposition, you will be a successful Baptist preacher.

James Hughes is from Everette High School, Maryville, Tenn. Some hardly know when Hughes is around, for he is so quiet; but when he speaks, he always shows his knowledge of Genung's Rhetoric. He is ever ready with a kind word and a kind act for every one.

Emory Hodge came to us from Richland High School, Richland, Va. Emory is one of our good students, always making something good out of even unpleasant things.

Louise Hodge also comes to us from Richland High School, Richland, Va. Louise has manifested great interest in the activities of her class. At every call to work she responds efficiently. She always makes the teachers sit up and take notice when she hands in a paper.

Arcel Williamson is from Central High School, Madisonville, Tenn. The people of Hiwassee are always glad for the town boys and girls to come out here to school. He was one of the "stars" on our Football Team last fall.

Claude Gudger also comes from the city of Madisonville as a graduate of the Class of '26 from Central High. "Sprockets'" ready wit is always enjoyed; and no matter how solemn others are, he is always cheerful.

Ola Lee Lowry is from Hiwassee High School, although her home is in Madisonville. She took one of the leading parts in the class play. She is always good-natured and never angry.

Leonard White is from Central High School, Madisonville, Tenn. "Skinny" White lives up to his name when he gets on the race track, as last year he made his opponents step high.

Robert Ghormley, also from Central High School, Madisonville, Tenn., is one of our most popular boys—at least, some of the girls say he is. Bob proved his skill in football playing last fall on the gridiron.

James Bayles is from Central High School, Madisonville, Tenn. Another one of our town boys has been showing us what Central High can do, for they surely have been doing good work in all the class activities.

Ralph Williams is from Ivanhoe High School, Ivanhoe, Va. Along with several others of our class, Ralph is well known for his "A's" on all his subjects. He is also one of the ministers of the class, and is planning to make the ministry his life work.

Manuel Tobias is from Aguascalientes, Mexico, but is from Hiwassee High School. He is one of our most talented members, for he is a pianist, a good singer; but, best of all, he is a fine artist, and is now doing good work in this line. Next year he will be our Annual Art Editor.

Everette Stanley, of Omaka, Va., was one of the Class of '26 at Hiwassee. "Pandlefoot" is well known all over the campus for his good humor. He is also better known by the teachers for his good grades.





Earl Reynolds, of Knoxville, Tenn., graduate of Hiwassee High School, is a remarkable science student. He has shown great ability in accomplishing what he set forth to do by his strong determination.

Mary Elizabeth Kidd is from Tazewell, Va.; but she graduated with us from Hiwassee High School last year. Mary Elizabeth is a quiet, sweet girl, who is always trying to find the means of helping some one who is in trouble. She is an active member of the different organizations of the school, and especially interested in the religious activities.

Corrine Evans is from Bull's Gap, Tenn., but from Hiwassee College High School. Every one who knows "Dill" always thinks about his wit and cheerfulness. He is a great baseball player.

Fred Neergaard is from Harriman High School, Harriman, Tenn. Fred is almost always quiet, but, nevertheless, he surely does know math. when he speaks. He is another one of our "A" students.

Claude Stowers is from Bland High School, and his home is at Nebo. He intends later to become a lawyer. His classmates wish him success in his work.

Frank Harris is from Northfork High School, and his home is at Crumpler, W. Va. Frank is our Junior "Sheik," who is liked by every one. He seems to have the ability to make friends easily. He also ranks high in his classes.

Reba Hicks, of Sweetwater, Tenn., a graduate of her home-town high school, is known for her silence; but "still water runs deep."

Ora Lee Hicks, Reba's sister, also graduated from Sweetwater High School, and is very much interested in the progress of all prophesied Hiwassee bishops.

Loyd Currin, of Sugar Grove, Va., is a graduate of Marion High School. "Ikie" is small in stature, but has a great mind, and adds to the record of "A" grade students in our class, of which we are proud.

Carl King, of Bluefield, W. Va., Beaver High School, has a great ambition to become a naval officer. He keeps H. C. drained of all material pertaining to ships or the navy in any way. He has been known to take a bit of string and attach it to the picture of a ship in order to make it navigate across the wall of the room.

Mattie Lee Reynolds, of Englewood, Tenn., Englewood High School, is the jolliest girl here. Much happiness and success is yours, Mattie Lee. Your joviality will carry you through.

Cedric Friend is a graduate of his home-town high school, of Max Meadows, Va. Our friend "Turkey" is very industrious, and "punctuality" is his watchword. He says: "Clock work, my boys, clock work—that's the secret of my success." Cedric is an active, loyal member of the Preachers' Council, and also its youngest member.

Henry Casteel, Abingdon, Va., a graduate of Abingdon High School, is known around Hiwassee as a football letter man and a very popular young man. We all enjoy Henry's wit—and, say: "Good luck; hope you grow in favor with the ladies."

George Kennedy, of Jewel Ridge, Va., hails from T. M. I. He is diligently seeking knowledge along medical lines. We like Kennedy, and know that he will be a great success in life.

Another eminent classmate of ours is the talented Oscar Whitaker, of Acorn, Ky. Mount Victory Academy. Besides being a natural-born artist, he ranks as one of our highest intellectual young men.

Nellie Hart comes to us from Hilton, Va. Our Nellie finished high school at H. C., giving the Alma Mater a record worth holding, for her grades are on the summit. She has won the High Grade Medal, Housekeeper's Medal, Improvement Medal in the Castalian Society, and is in the race for more—and will get them, too. Her sweet disposition is an incentive to all of us, and her ready smile and helping hand often come to our rescue.

Lena Black, from McGhee, Tenn., is well known for her mischievous smile and ability to make friends.

Cecil Webb, from Vonore, Tenn., Vonore High School, is a happy-go-lucky, well-liked, though little-known, classmate of ours.

Jack Shugart is from East Radford, Va., and graduated from William King High School. Jack is always a happy, care-free, witty boy; but when he gets on the football field, he grits his teeth and makes his opponents get out of the way. Jack is one of our most popular boys, liked by every one.

William "Buck" Jones comes from Big Stone Gap, Va. Hail to our hero! Every student is always thrilled to see "Buck" start out on the gridiron. When he started with that pigskin, he was headed for the goal. He was also our hero in the class play, chosen for this part on account of his good looks and ability to act.

Floyd Farmer, of Kingston, Tenn., graduated from Wheat High School. Rather coincidental, we think. All those studying to become farmers don't have this opportunity. We couldn't do without Farmer. He's the most original one of us, and quite an actor, too. Farmer is good-natured and full of wit—and absolutely girl-shy.





Cora Talent and Ella McConkey, of Madisonville, are graduates from Central High. Both are attractive, and we called them "twins"—our quiet and modest twins. They drove to school each morning—rain, hail, sleet, or snow.

Glen Jenkins, of Tellico Plains, was a student of the Prep. Department of Maryville College. She is popular, good-looking, and liked by both boys and girls. Glen is bushels of fun when you know her.

Jack Dye, our only married classmate, is from Belltown, Tenn., a graduate of Tellico Plains High School. His grade is always "A;" and though he knows lots more than most of us, he is always kind and friendly to all. He has a smile and "good morning" for each one.

Tom Loop, of Morristown, Tenn., graduated from Cobb's Creek High School. Tommy is industrious, one of our best scholars, good-natured, and always polite. Nothing but praise could be uttered in speaking of him.



SOPHOMORES



O God! that men would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly when they cannot see!
O God! that men would draw a little nearer
To one another! They'd be nearer Thee,
And understood.



Pretty Fawn



19



27



SOPHOMORE CLASS

HIGH-SCHOOL SENIORS

OFFICERS

DIXIE ALTMAN	President
BETTY DOUTHAT	Vice President
JOHN GRAY	Secretary-Treasurer
DAVID WARNER	Reporter
JAMES PATTERSON	Cheer Leader

Colors: Green and White

Motto: "Keep climbing"

Flower: Sweet Pea

CLASS ROLL

ALTMAN, DIXIE
ABSHIRE, HERSCHEL
ALLEN, IRENE
ALLEN, ADDIE
BACON, ADA
BROWNING, ETHEL
COLLINS, GEORGE
DOUTHAT, BETTY
EADES, PRINCE

FERGUSON, VIRGINIA
GRAY, JOHN
HANNAH, CECIL
HARMON, CAMPBELL
JACKSON, F. B.
KENDRICK, CECIL
MCBRIDE, KATE
MCINTOSH, BERNICE
MCBRIDE, FRANK

MCDOWELL, DOROTHY
MOORE, ROY
PATTERSON, JAMES
SCOTT, ELOISE
STOWERS, BERT
STOWERS, MARGARET
SNIDER, HALLEEN
WARNER, DAVID

CLASS HISTORY

In the fall of 1923 there were quite a number of students who entered the First-Year High School at Hiwassee College, which necessitated the division of some of the courses. The large class met and adopted the motto: "Keep climbing."

As the succeeding years came, some few failed to climb with us. However, some have been added to our class, leaving us a group of twenty-six members, who are hoping to complete the high-school course this year.

Realizing that this is only the second step in the Great Ladder of Education, we are hoping that the Graduating Class of '27, as they enter college life, will ever keep before them the motto adopted in 1923: "Keep climbing."





CLASS POEM

Our dear, happy High-School days
How quick you've passed away!
The old days are forever gone,
And now there is a new day.

Those four years are passed now;
We must look forward but for to-day;
Let the future have its will,
And bring with it what it may.

We'll soon be leaving dear old Hiwasse,
But oft in the coming years
We'll look back over our short stay here,
Living with both fun and tears.

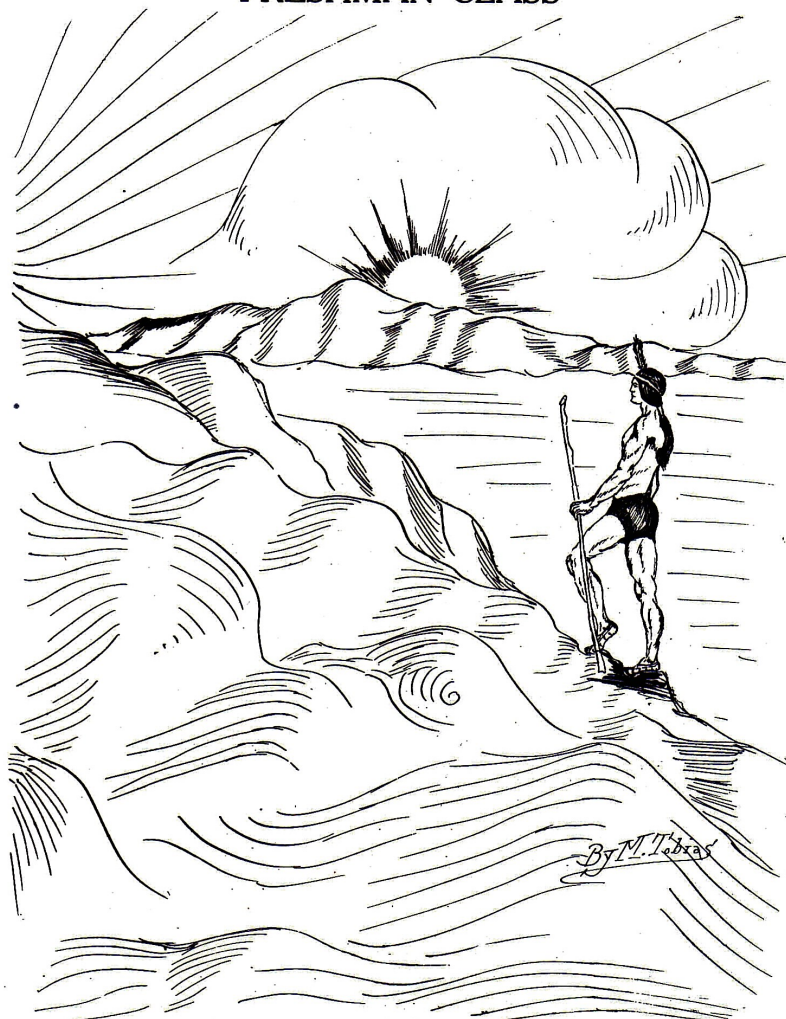
Farewell we now must say to all,
To live in the future smiles;
But we'll always think of the fun we had
In traveling our first four miles.

CLASS POET.





FRESHMAN CLASS



Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.
We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.





THIRD-YEAR HIGH SCHOOL

OFFICERS

H. W. CROCKETT	President
ALBERTA JENKINS	Vice President
HELEN DOYAL	Secretary-Treasurer
FRED CANADA	Reporter

Colors: Maroon and White

Flower: Violet

Motto: "B Sharp, B Natural, Never B Flat"

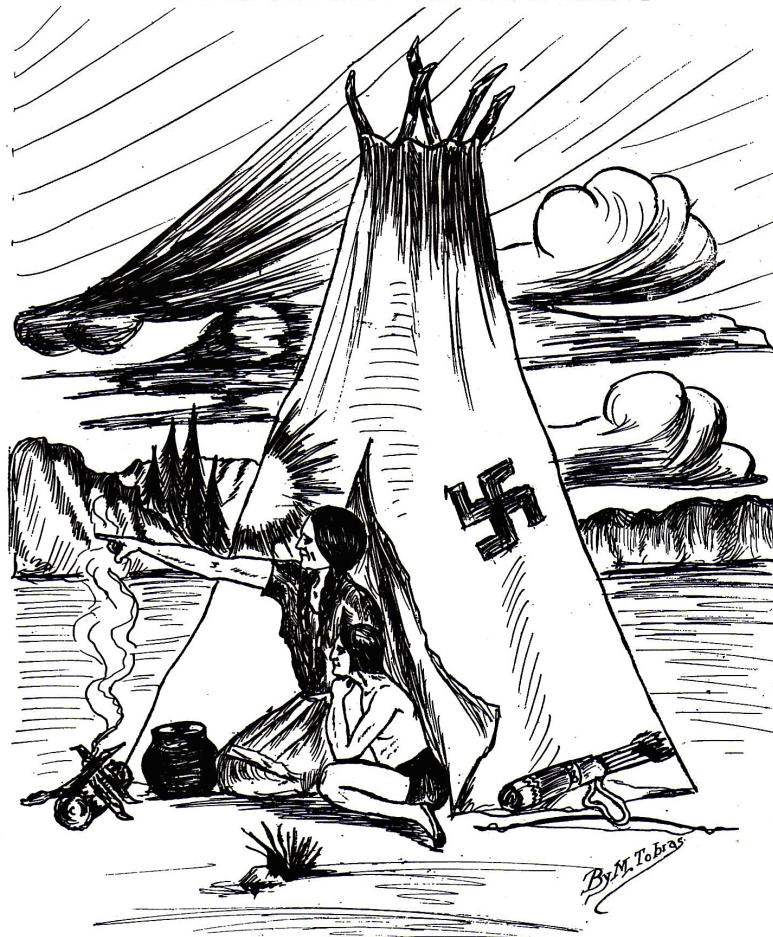
CLASS ROLL

CANADA, FRED	JORDAN, BANKS	RICHARDS, LOUISE
CARPENTER, LESTER	KENDRICK, J. W., JR.	ROBERSON, VIRGINIA
CASE, ALICE	LEMMEL, HORTENSE	SCOTT, EDNA
CROCKETT, H. W., JR.	OWENS, CASH	STALLARD, W. H.
DOYAL, HELEN	PRICHARD, LESKA	TAYLOR, JAMES
FOWLER, JAMES	REEDY, BEUNA	WATTS, JAMES
JENKINS, ALBERTA	REYNOLDS, FRANCIS	WHITE, WILLIAM
JOHNSON, KENNETH		





PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT



*I live for those who love me,
 For those who know me true,
 For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit too,
 For the cause that lacks assistance,
 For the wrong that needs resistance,
 For the future in the distance,
 And the good that I can do.*
 (George Linnaeus Banks.)





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Flower: Shepherd's Purse

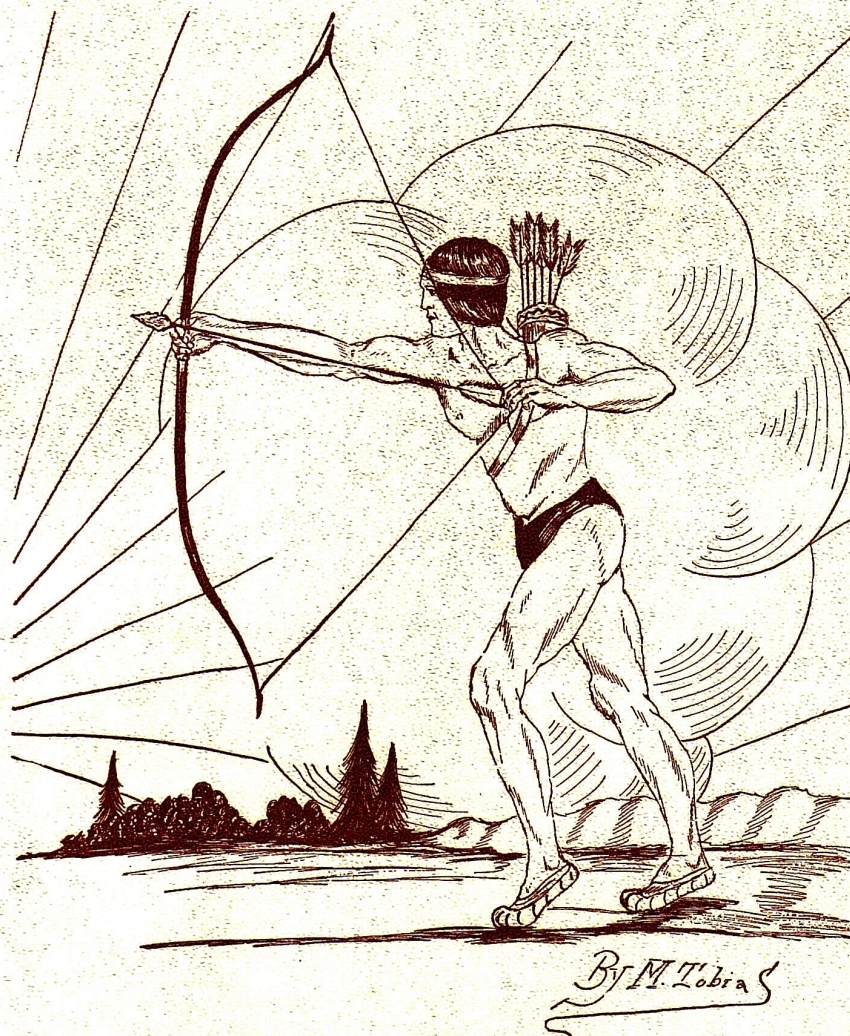
Motto: "Green, but growing"

CLASS ROLL

ALLEN, HELEN	DALTON, AARON	MCCARTY, PEARLE
BACON, MATTIE	DIXON, SCOTT	MCNABB, MAXIE
BAKER, GLADYS	DOSS, FANNYE	MCBRIDE, WILLIAM
BARKER, JESSIE	DYER, JOHN	MOSER, EARNEST
BARKER, BEAUFORD	GALLAGHER, PAULINE	MOSER, ELOISE
BARKER, GLEN	HAMM, HOWARD	O'DANIEL, FAY
BEAVERS, LEOLA	HUDSON, JOHN	QUESSENBERRY, ROBA
BEAVERS, VIOLA	JOHNSON, PEARLE	RADER, WILLIAM
BRIDGE, ALFORD	JOHNSON, TED	SANDERSON, GARNET
BROWN, INEZ	KING, GEORGE	SEAGLE, ADA BELLE
BYRD, MARGARET	KILPATRICK, JACK	SEAGLE, ONA LEE
CAYLOR, O. C.	KIRKPATRICK, ELMO	SMITH, BERNARD
CAGLE, LEON	KIRKPATRICK, HOWARD	SMITH, WALLACE
CLAY, NORMAN	LAMBERT, GEORGE L., JR.	SPRINKLE, FRED
CLARK, HOMER	LOVE, ANNA	STOUT, BILLIE
COUCH, BRADY	LOVIN, MINNIE B.	WALDROP, LUCILE
COUCH, ELSIE	MCCARTY, FLOYD	YEATES, GRAYSON



ATHLETICS





FOOTBALL SQUAD



C. T. MILLER, DIRECTOR OF ATHLETICS

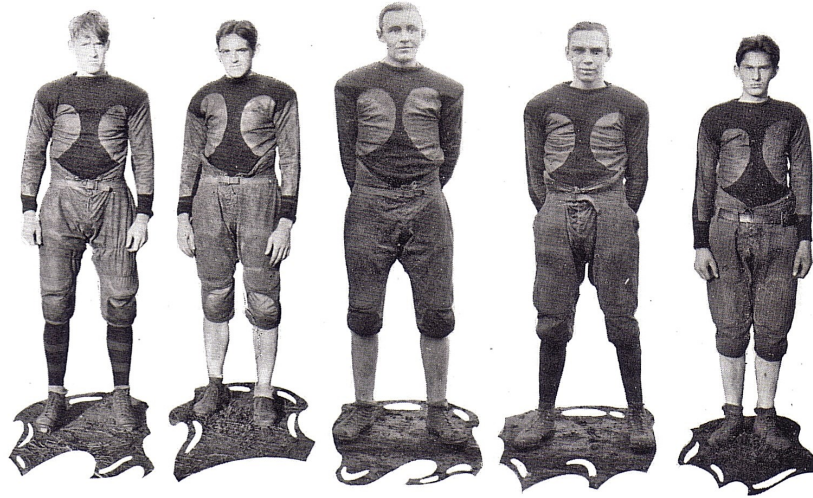
Coach Miller came to Hiwassee from Emory and Henry College in the fall of 1926. He is a former graduate of Hiwassee College, graduating here in the spring of 1921. His feats and achievements of the gridiron at Emory and Henry are well known to all who know of Emory and Henry. He was a constant threat there because of his varied tactics and his elusive nature. Hiwassee has been rather lucky in the securing of Miller for an athletic director. He has been found to be a most versatile and dependable man at the head of the Athletic Department. He is, indeed, very popular with the student body and the Football Squad. As a football coach, because of his natural ability and prowess, he has turned out the smoothest-working football machine that Hiwassee has ever had. With only four letter men returning from last year's squad, due to his efforts and real earnestness, he formulated the means of having a winning team. And through his conscientious, untiring labor he instilled the spirit of cooperation into his team, and thus built up a fighting aggregation unsurpassed in footballdom at Hiwassee. We at Hiwassee alone realize the difficulties and misfortunes that confronted him at all times; but, nevertheless, rising above these obstacles, the Miller-tutored eleven made for Hiwassee history.

RUDOLPH ("RUDY") YUELL, CAPTAIN, '27

"Rudy" came to Hiwassee in the fall of 1925, and was about three weeks late. But the evening of his arrival found him out on the old gridiron looking for a berth on the team. Did he get it? Well, I say he did! He made us the greatest center that Hiwassee has yet produced; and when the season came to a close, the team wanted him for Captain, and no other. When the team of 1926 started, "Rudy" was right on the job, encouraging his men with great zeal and enthusiasm. He was in every play, and led Hiwassee's Football Team through the greatest season it has ever had. "Rudy," we will miss you next year.

BILLY JO MILLER (COACH, JR.), MASCOT





BARNES ("PROF.") CROCKETT, QUARTERBACK

Crockett is undoubtedly the most versatile field general that Hiwassee has ever had. "Prof." is a heady, consistent player, and his judgment can be relied upon at all times. All through the season he was an invaluable cog in Hiwassee's offensive attacks and was a bulwark of strength on defense. He is a three-year letter man, and was Captain of our team last year.

WILLIAM ("BUCK") JONES, CAPTAIN-ELECT, FULLBACK

Jones, playing the rôle of fullback for Hiwassee this year, passed the expectations of those who knew of his formidable high-school record as a football player. He is a triple-threat man of the highest caliber, and carried the brunt of the punting for Hiwassee this season. "Buck," under fire, always maintains a cool head, and can be relied upon at all times to carry the ball. In appreciation of his great playing and efforts, the squad has chosen him as their leader for 1927.

ROBERT ("BOB") GHORMLEY, HALFBACK

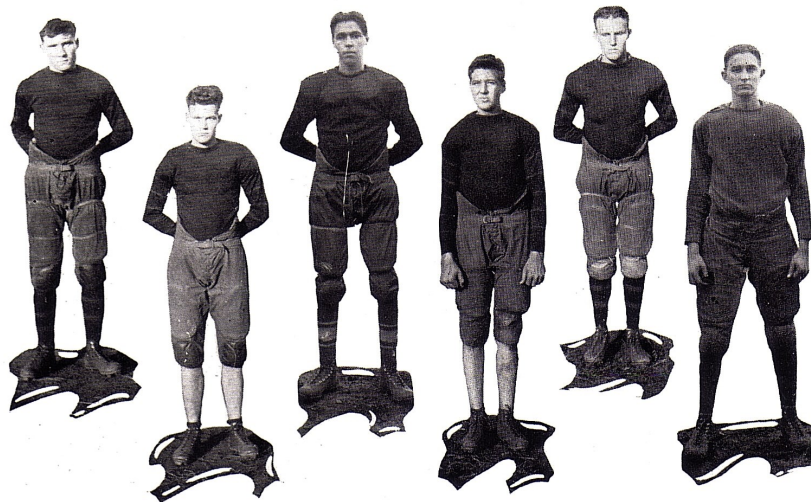
Starting the season with a broken collarbone, "Bob" was never in perfect physical condition. He established himself as a great asset to Coach Miller's backfield by specializing on end runs and breaking up passes. Ghormley is a deadly tackler and very adept at receiving passes, which made him very dangerous to any opposing team.

JACK SHUGART, HALFBACK

Although he was injured early in the season with a broken wrist, "Jack" convinced every one that he was made of the stuff that it takes to make a gridiron warrior. He is a good side-stepper, and has a fascinating manner in eluding the opposing tacklers. "Jack" was, indeed, an asset to our team, and we hope to have him back with us next year.

FRANCIS ("WHOSACK") REYNOLDS, HALFBACK

Reynolds, donning the gridiron togs for the first time in his career, filled the position as halfback very successfully indeed. He possessed no little ability at carrying the pigskin, and on numerous occasions has thrilled the spectators by his sensational running. Being of a rather squatty physique, he is naturally adapted to plunging the line and ripping up the defense.



JOE ("SMIRIK") BYRD, TACKLE

This is the first year that Byrd ever donned a football uniform; but by his natural adeptness, his eager determination, and fight, he gained for himself the loyal support of the entire student body, besides a regular berth on Hiwassee's team. "Smirik" was a constant thorn in the side of the opposition. Always on the alert and full of fight was Byrd.

WALLACE ("WAD") SMITH, TACKLE

"Wad" played his first season of football this year, and his sensational smear-up of the enemies' offensive attacks, his heady, consistent playing during moments of unceasing fire, established him as a football player of the highest type. Having three remaining years at Hiwassee, he is being counted upon as an invaluable player in the future gridiron sessions.

LEWIS N. DALTON, MANAGER

Dalton, possessing all the school spirit that is necessary to make any one loyal and faithful to his Alma Mater, has filled his position as Manager with great cleverness. There is lacking a proper appreciation for the spirit and life which he has always maintained and which he has so slyly injected into the squad of 1926. Although he has the misfortune of having only one eye, he is endowed with a cheerful disposition and a fascinating smile at all times. And fearing the loss of his remaining eye is all that has kept him from being in the line-up as a fighting Panther. But, regardless of this fear, he found himself fighting with the rest of the boys in the last few games of the season. A good winner and a good loser is Mr. Dalton.

MARION ("TEXAS") WAGLEY, GUARD

"Texas" came to Hiwassee from Dallas, Texas, and his 190 pounds of muscle have been useful indeed in the Panther's line-up this season. He is the kind that is hard to get out of the way, and has made many spectacular tackles in smashing up the enemy offense. A natural scrapper and warrior is this mighty Wagley.

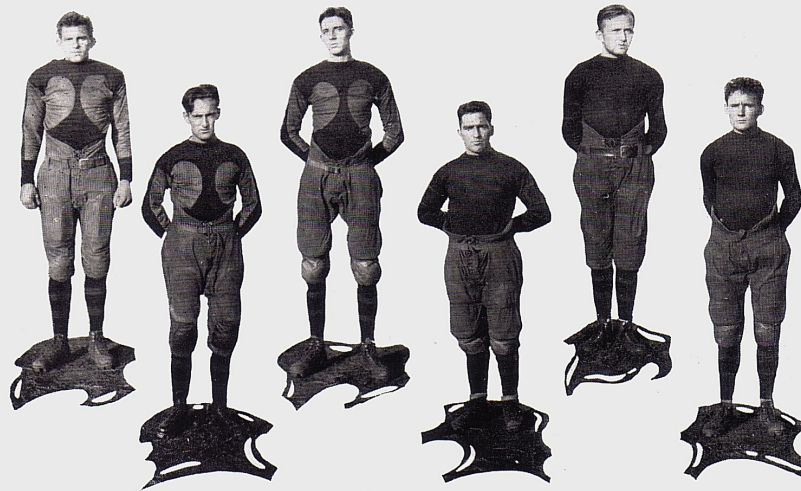
HORTON ("POSSUM") GUTHRIE, TACKLE

Although this is the first year that "Possum" has made his letter at Hiwassee, he has always been a dangerous man to the opposing players. He is the kind that can never be bested, and he maintains all those qualities that are essential to any real football player. When substituted into the line-up, he dispatches his duties with precision and accuracy, the same as a veteran.

HENRY ("LONESOME") CASTEEL, END

Casteel hails to Hiwassee from Abingdon, Va., and this year marks his initial appearance as a Panther. Starting the season with a broken wrist, he made for himself in the remaining games of the season a record unsurpassed. He was a general utility man in the line; and as a flankman, his feats stand out as brilliant and as remarkable as any feated during the entire season.





ARSEL ("MEMPHIS") WILLIAMSON, HALFBACK

Williamson, playing his first year at Hiwassee, made for himself much fame as a member of the Panther's fighting aggregation. "Memphis" is especially good on running interference, and possesses no little ability at backing up the line. His presence was greatly missed in the middle of the football season, due to a badly injured knee. Coming back in the last game of the season, he played the best game of his entire career at Hiwassee.

JAMES ("LIPPY") TAYLOR, END

"Lippy," playing his first season at Hiwassee, established for himself a brilliant record, despite the fact that he maintained an injured knee through the entire gridiron season. Well versed in the art of receiving aerial tosses, gifted with an uncanny ability for breaking up interference, he was a constant threat to enemy runners. He was also gifted especially with the art of scooping up fumbles.

JAMES ("PAT") PATTERSON, END

"Pat," playing his second year as a Panther, was undoubtedly essential to the success of the team this season. He displayed his remarkable gridiron ability by getting down under punts and ripping up the offense of the enemy, especially on end runs. On the field he was a raging, charging, hard-hitting flankman of the very highest type.

DAVID ("SHORTY") WARNER, GUARD

"Shorty" is his nickname, and short he is, but there isn't anything short in him on the gridiron. He is full of grim determination and possesses that never-die spirit which is essential to any successful football player. During moments of dire need "Shorty" is a great stimulus and inspiration to any football team. On the defense Warner is a "stumblingblock" to any offense that might be offered by the enemy.

THOMAS ("ALEC") MAGILL, GUARD

Magill, playing his first season with the Panthers, hails from Madisonville, Tenn. Although he was not as heavy as he might have been, nevertheless he fought just the same as if he were the mightiest on the field. He could be found in every play, a constant obstacle to the enemy warriors, a fighter to the finish. He has one remaining year at Hiwassee, and is being counted on as a regular next year.

ROY ("CRABBY") MOORE, GUARD

Moore, making his second consecutive letter at Hiwassee as guard, has established himself this season as a gridiron warrior of the highest and mightiest type. "Crabby" is the kind that wants to be in every game with all his fight and spirit. He is especially adapted to the surprise attacks of the game and always on the alert to take advantage of the breaks of the game.



BASEBALL TEAM, '26-'27



TRACK TEAM, '26-'27

Pretty Flawn



SNAPSHOTS

19

27



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Motto: "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth"

Colors: Red and White

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Motto: "All for Christ"

Colors: Gold and White

Benediction: "So teach us to number our days that we may apply
our hearts unto wisdom"





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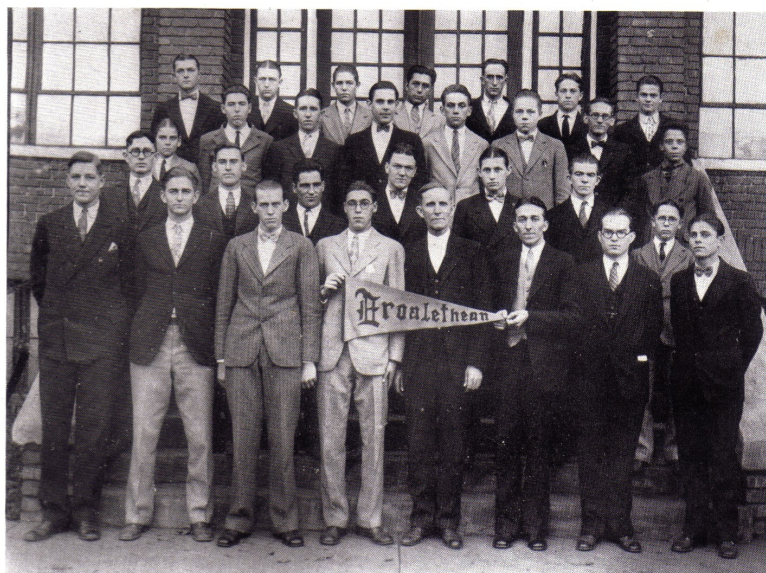
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A posterity maintaining an honor well founded and established
in the Volunteer State





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*"Music floods the crimson twilight like the close of an angel's psalm,
And lays on a fevered spirit with a touch of infinite calm."*

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*"Music wakes the soul, and lifts it high, and wings it with sublime desires,
and fits it to bespeak the destiny."*

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*"Striving only to be natural, without artificiality and affectation,
and thus give men the truth."*

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Motto: "As ye sew, so shall ye rip"

MISS LOUISE ALLEN, A.B., *Instructor*

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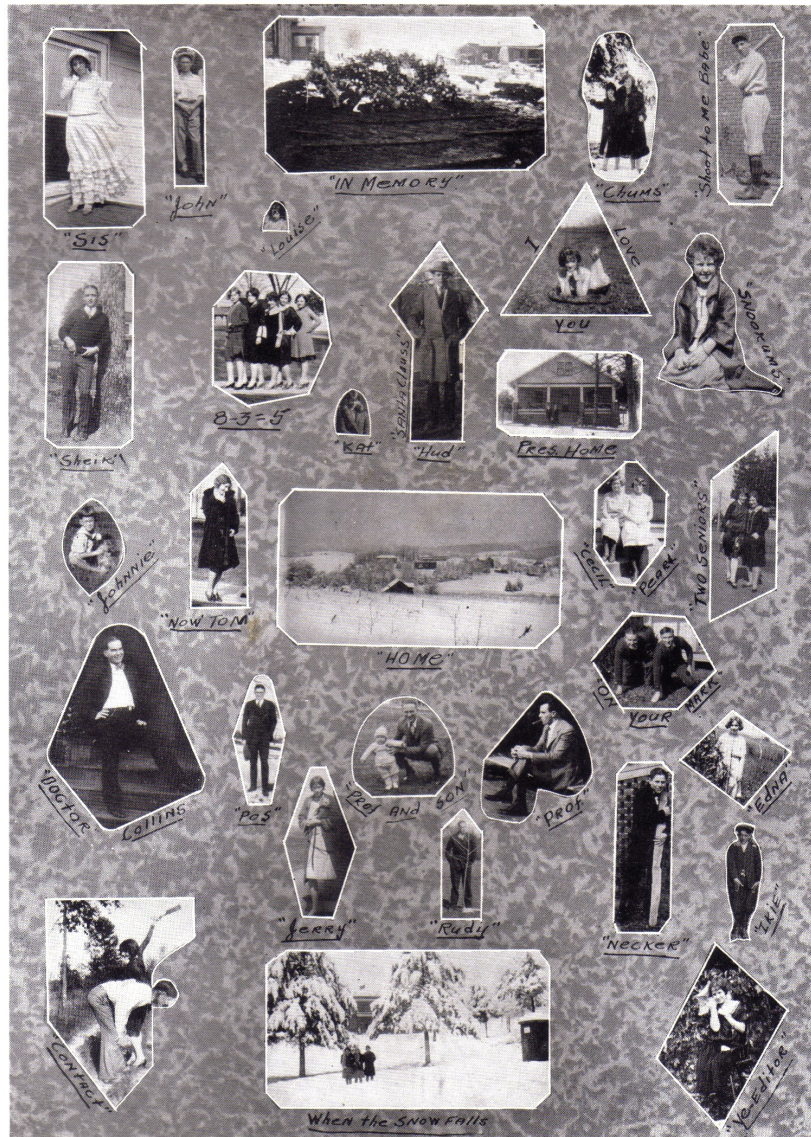


OUR SENIORS

Our Beauty	"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."	MARY GLADYS LAMBERT
Our Dignified Senior	"Dignity increases more easily than it begins."	ROBERT LAPHEW
Our Fun Maker	"Light of hair, but not of head."	OTA LOU SLOAN
Our Dude	"Better to be out of the world than out of fashion."	OLIN H. TROY
Our Homemaker	"True to her word, her work, her friends."	VIOLET GRUBB
Our Smiler	"A smile is ever most bright and beautiful."	ELLEN SPITSER
Our Singer	"Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll; Charm strikes the sight, but merit wins the soul."	ZULA JOHNSON
Our Athlete	"Whatever teachers could inquire for, For every why he had a wherefore."	RUDY YOEUELL
Our Jester	"I have no care, I never had, My chiefest joy is being bad."	HORTON GUTHRIE
Our Lawyer	"A case of quality, not quantity."	CANDLER EVANS
Our Dreamer	"Disturb not my peaceful slumbers, for I dream great dreams."	EVA LEE JOHNSON
Our Professor	"Strong minds are those of whom the noisy world hears least."	BARNES CROCKETT
Our Librarian	"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low— An excellent thing in a woman."	ISABELL CATRON
Our Devoted Sweetheart	"Sweetly ignorant of ill, Innocent and happy still."	HAZEL JONES
Our Friend	"Devoted, lovable, devoid of guile; Both friendly and pleasant all the while."	TRULA STOWERS
Our Orator	"Though changed this man against his will, He's of the same opinion still."	LOUIS DALTON
Our Author	"Why worry? It will happen anyway, And sunshine drives the rain away."	GEORGE ROSS
Our Practical Joker	"Do others as they do you, and do them first."	ALBERT KINSER
Our Musician	"A piano played by his graceful hands, Breathes forth music at every one's command."	JOE ORR
Our Horseman	"O, why should life all labor be? Live while you live."	T. W. THOMPSON
Our Lovelady	"Hark, a voice is singing! Listen while you may."	VEA BACON
Our Genius	"I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none."	L. H. GREENWOOD
Our Quiet Girl	"Silence is golden."	MINNIE MILLS
Our Scholar	"And still they gazed, and still their wonder grew, That one small head could carry all she knew."	JULIA RUTH RICHARDSON
Our Preacher	"To love, serve, and obey— Always in a genial way."	JOE BYRD
Our Singer	"I sing because I'm happy."	L. M. GILLENWATER
Our Bishop	"Faith—the symbol of worlds unknown and untried—with only a heart full of love for humanity."	M. K. PROVINCE



Pretty Fawn



SNAPSHOTS

19



27



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We, the Class of '27, extend our appreciation to the following men, who, through their benevolent contributions, have helped make it possible for us to publish our first Annual:

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representative at St. Louis

19



27



DIXIE ALTMAN
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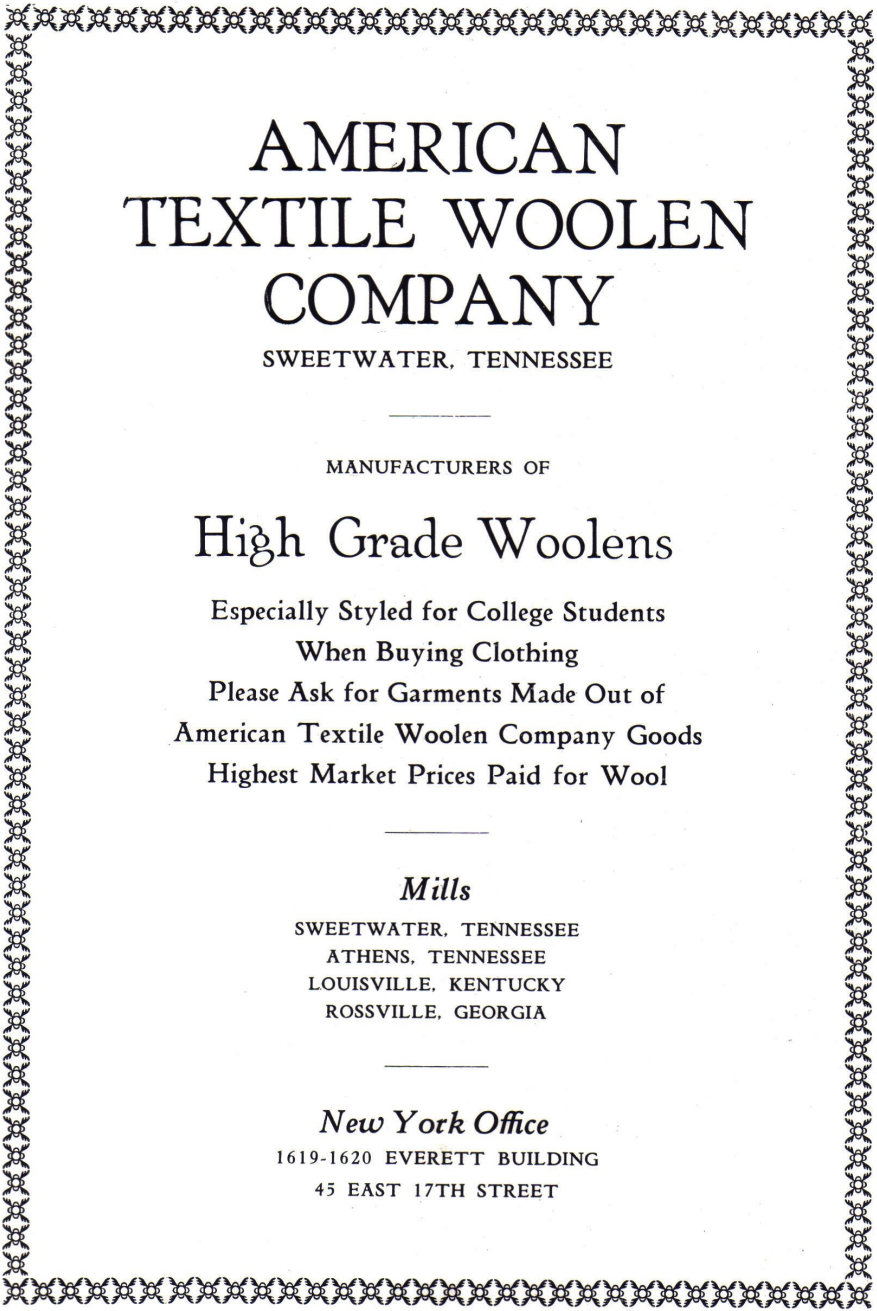
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